# Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail

Homer Rodeheaver

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BY
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WITH A FOREWORD BY THE
REV. WILLIAM A. SUNDAY


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*TO*

*ALL MY FRIENDS*

*THAT HAVE SUNG THESE SONGS*
*AND HAVE THEREBY BEEN*
*LED FROM DARKNESS*
*INTO LIGHT*

## FOREWORD

It is a pleasure to endorse the songs of Homer Rodeheaver. They have reclaimed, and redeemed, and remade the lives of thousands of men and women. The effort to tell in human story form the experiences of new birth that have resulted from these songs in "The Song Stories of the Saw Dust Trail" should do a tremendous service for the Kingdom.

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(Words and music of these famous songs accompany each chapter.)

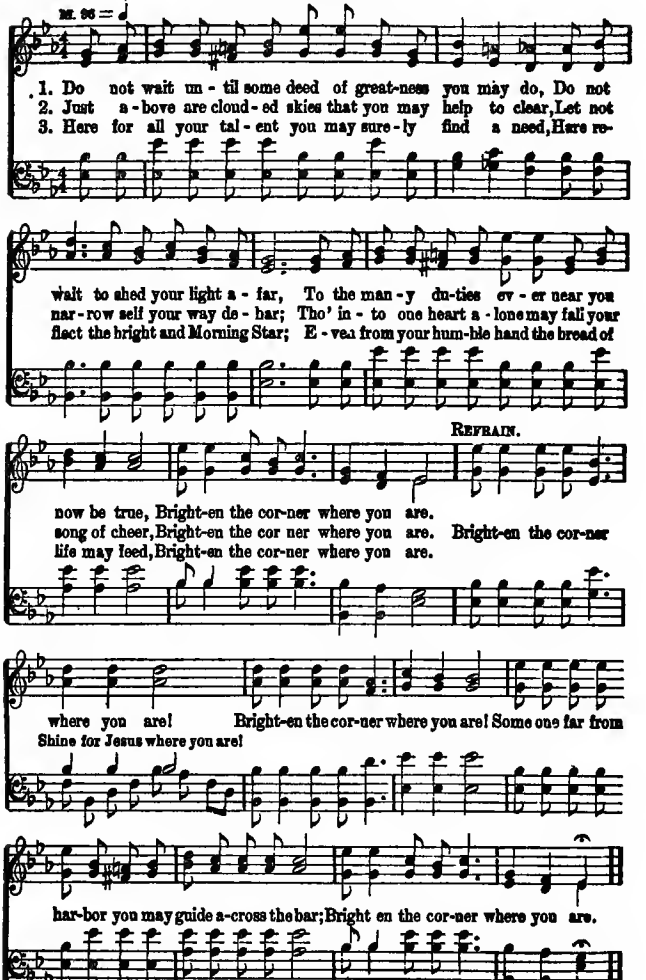
# SONG STORIES OF THE SAWDUST TRAIL

# Brighten the Corner Where You Are.



Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. M. ♩= 96



# SONG STORIES

## I

### BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

Do not wait until some deed of greatness you may do,
Do not wait to shed your light afar,
To the many duties ever near you now be true
Brighten the corner where you are.

Somewhere in France, an American boy, enlisted in the Foreign Legion, is teaching a new slogan, and perhaps with it is showing the way to a new vision. That slogan is the chorus of the song, "Brighten the Corner where You Are."

It is becoming the catchword of the trenches, the correspondent of the New York *World* at the French Front says, in telling the story. Among the dying and the starving soldiers of the battlefields to whom life is seen through the shadows of death, the slogan of cheer and hope and comfort is singing its message.

All the more thrilling a message, when you consider the simple, homely song that was its

inspiration—the song of a humble heart. All the more thrilling, when you know that that song has literally sung its way around the world, touching high and low, inspiring deeds of heroism on the battle field, as well as deeds of patient goodness in the most obscure corners.

It was a woman who wrote it, and she never, in her wildest dreams, imagined that it would become the lever by which hundreds of thousands of lives would be moved. It came to her out of the fullness of a heart, in which the love of God blazed, and of what she considered to be the dim little corner of life in which she found herself confined.

She had had many ambitions. She had wanted to be a writer. She had had dreams of doing good in the world in a large, wonderful way. Hers was a consecrated heart and mind, eager for the Lord's service. Later, as her soul developed, she wished to carry the Gospel of Christ to foreign lands, or to help in uplifting the poor and forlorn in the dark places of our great cities.

Despite her longings, and her steady application of her talents and her prayers that a way might open to her, she was relentlessly refused what she most desired.

Her husband was a railway mail clerk, and was often absent from home, but the time which might otherwise have been occupied in her literary work was taken up by the care of her small boy, and her father who was an invalid.

It seemed as though she must put her ambitions for the development of her talents out of her life—as though it were impossible ever for her to reach into a broader sphere.

No one knows except the person who yearns to write great and beautiful thoughts, which may some day electrify the world, what a heart-ache and soul-wrench it is to have to abandon those ambitions.

It almost broke down her cheery spirit. Not because she could not find comfort in knowing that she was doing all that she could, but because her spirit ceaselessly fretted for the doing of larger things. It seemed to her that what she actually did was so very, very little.

One day, however, a mother of the neighborhood—poor and hard worked, too—told her that the hours which she passed, in her quiet home, were the bright spots in her life. That set her to thinking.

Up to that time she had interested herself,

of course, in others, but she had done it conscientiously, not enthusiastically. She wondered if any spark from the hours spent with her would illuminate other lives in the after years.

She set herself to becoming an inspiration to those about her. She tried to throw the light of her own vision upon them. She remembered that she might sow in their hearts the seeds of the love of God. It was an outlet, a little outlet, for the zeal which was in her.

She set herself, resolutely, to do *all* that she possibly could in the little corner of the world, where, it seemed, God chose to keep her.

Nothing in her life was, apparently, changed by her new feeling. Nothing but herself. Within her, now, she began to feel a well of happiness. She lost the sense of being shut away from the world. She forgot that the domestic duties with which she was ceaselessly occupied were little, trivial things. She saw that certain tasks were given her to do, and that the iron barriers, which hemmed her in from what she had wanted to do, were also the restraining bonds which outlined the sphere of her work and life.

Some of her awakened spiritual life began to pour into her brain. Occasionally she

wrote little verses. And one day, she wrote a song. It expressed exactly what she had come to feel, and understand about her own life.

Do not wait until some deed of greatness you may do,
Do not wait to shed your light afar,
To the many duties ever near you now be true,
Brighten the corner where you are.

Just above are clouded skies that you may help to clear,
Let not narrow self your way debar
Though into one heart alone may fall your song of cheer,
Brighten the corner where you are.

Here for all your talent you may surely find a need,
Here reflect the bright and morning star,
Even from your humble hand the bread of life may feed,
Brighten the corner where you are.

Brighten the corner where you are,
Brighten the corner where you are,
Someone far from harbor you may guide across the bar;
Brighten the corner where you are.

The history of the song from that date is a matter of gospel history.

The fact of its being sung on the battle lines of Europe is only one instance of how it has covered the globe. Here is another:

At one of our meetings a visitor introduced

himself to us as a missionary who was home from Siam, where he had been on business for the Missionary board of his denomination.

"You have just sung a song," he said, "which I last heard under most astonishing circumstances. I had gone into the interior of Siam to visit one of the most remote of our stations.

"The local missionary there and his wife had labored faithfully, and, although they were entirely surrounded by a heathen race, they had succeeded in making friends among them so that they had developed a promising class of children, who were learning English and who were being taught the ways of civilization and the knowledge of the true God.

"A reception was planned for the second day of my arrival, with recitations by some of the older children, songs, and a Bible service. The first number on the program was a song. I expected, of course, to hear one of the old historic hymns.

"Imagine my surprise, then—with practically a jungle at our backs and the tropical sun pouring down upon us—thousands of miles, it seemed, from the world of today—imagine my surprise, when those little native children began to sing, 'Brighten the corner

where you are.' I had last heard it in the Billy Sunday Tabernacle a year before."

"I am not surprised," I replied, "although Siam is the farthest point from which I have heard of the song. We would hardly credit the unusual stories connected with it, but I think the best of all is the story of how it was written in the first place."

Then I told him the story that I have set down here of the song itself.

"You will see," I said, "that the author herself, is an inspiring example of the message, which her song teaches. Brightening her own little corner, she has succeeded in touching literally the whole world. She has brought a deeper message to more people than if she had succeeded in her early dreams of ambition. For that message is really singing itself around the globe."

One of the stories of her song has to do with a man so far away from its author that, under any other conditions, it is almost impossible that their lives should have had any contact.

He is the head of a national business. He is a big man in the world of finance, not only in this country, but in others. Until a year ago he was just a splendid thinking machine. People were afraid of him. His employers,

even men high in his confidence, found it difficult to talk to him. Those in subordinate positions trembled when he looked their way, for he never did so unless he had found a flaw in their work.

He was the kind of a man who has been described in fiction but whom you do not often see—a man of iron and steel. So far as having emotion, or an unselfish interest in humanity, he might as well have been a clever piece of high-tempered mechanism.

One of his business associates, said once, that he was so unfeeling, so impersonal, so unyielding that he seemed inhuman.

One night, in his wonderful car, he happened to be driving past the Billy Sunday Tabernacle. There, by the grace of God, as he declares, one of his tires was punctured. While the chauffeur was repairing the break, he sat in his car, observing the thousands who were crowding into the building.

He felt no curiosity, he said. He had, for so long, trained his mind to focus itself only on such matters as related to his own business affairs, that there were many occurrences even in his home city, to which he never gave a thought.

The puncture was a bad one and he grew a

little bored. The thousands and thousands who kept pouring into the tabernacle riveted his attention, despite his struggle, not to be interested. He began to wonder what the building was, and what was going on inside. Then his chauffeur reported that he would have to put on an emergency tire.

The chauffeur finished his work, and looked inside the car for his employer, but he was not there.

A boy, who was standing near, told him that the other had gone into the tabernacle. The chauffeur was so surprised that he nearly fainted, for he had never known his employer to attend any meeting but a Board meeting of financiers.

Among those who "hit the trail" that night was the man of iron and steel. He sat down in his turn to wait for us to write down his name, his address, and his church preferences, as we always do, and to one of the workers who approached him for that purpose he gave something of his remarkable story.

Some converts seem dazed by the experience, through which they have just gone, and some are so happy that they cannot help crying, but the man of iron and steel was simply more efficient, more composed, and more keen

than usual. He had already analyzed his own change of heart, and wanted to tell about it.

"I don't suppose a man like you can realize how I could have become so cold and indifferent to everyone, and everything in the world as I have become," he said. "I began my business life when I was a very young man. All I thought about was money. I saw that many men failed to get money because they stopped for other things, and I determined that I would so train my mind that it would not recognize the existence of anything else but money. I succeeded. I taught myself to look on those around me as so many shadows out of which I could extract what I wanted.

"I have not married, and so family life did not have an opportunity to soften me. I don't think I ever loved a person in my life, certainly not since I was a man. I have never given a thought to friendship in my life, I never read books that dealt with sentiment, I never read anything in the newspapers but the financial reports, I care nothing for music or the arts.

"When I came here tonight I did not even know what was going on. I had to wait outside while my chauffeur put on a new tire and I was bored.

"I listened, tonight, for the first time, to men talking about the things I have always refused to consider—God and Humanity. Then there came that song, 'Brighten the Corner' and in its simple melody and message I heard something that finished my decision. I'm going to begin the job of brightening my corner on business lines!"

The degree and extent to which he kept his word is common talk in his home city and state. He is a man now to whom his associates go for help when they are in tight places. He has given royally to every humanitarian cause which has come to his notice. He is a power, now, in that church, of which he was a merely nominal member for so many years. And in his office, among his associates and his employees, he is the friend, the adviser, the sympathetic, ever-ready listener, who is all but adored by those who know him.

Here is another story from another extreme of society:

A bright-faced, energetic woman gave her experience after the afternoon meeting one day.

She is the forewoman in a factory, which manufactures clothing. Many girls and women are under her supervision.

"I used to be proud of getting the most work out of my floor of any superintendent in the place," she said. "I was known as a 'driver.' Of course those who worked under me did not like me, but that, I thought, couldn't be helped.

"Then I came to the Sunday Tabernacle, one night, and heard a song called 'Brighten the Corner where You Are.' I didn't think so much about its message at first, but I liked its melody, and I found myself humming it when I went home.

"I am a hard working woman, supporting myself and a younger sister, and a member of a church, to which I give what I can spare. It had never occurred to me that I could do more, but as I heard that song sung again and again (for after that I came almost every night to the meetings) I began to ask myself, what *was* my corner.

"And I answered myself that it was my home, my church, and the place where I worked. And right there was where I began to see something I had never seen before. I didn't know a thing about the people who worked under me, except their names, and how much I got out of them, when we were running over time.

"The first thing I did was to get one of your

workers to hold a noonday meeting on my floor. Now we have a fraternity organization, of which I am President, which aims to help the members when they are sick or in trouble, to hold religious meetings, once a week, at some member's house, and to see that no one is lonely or without human sympathy. I honestly thought, when I began it, that my efficiency and the output of my floor would be diminished. I thought that as soon as I stopped being a driver, a woman who was known to be stern and unrelenting, that I would have difficulty with my work.

"But just the contrary is the case. Only last week, the influence of our organization was powerful enough to stop a strike which certain unprincipled persons had tried to start. And as for the quantity of our work, I never have to complain, any more than I did before. We are all trying to brighten our corners, and we know that that means good, hard work, done with all our hearts."

Some of the stories about this song have a real heart throb.

A woman, who attended our services, in one city, attracted us by the wonderful expression of happiness on her face, and by the great sweetness of her eyes, so that we were glad to

have her approach us, toward the end of our stay there, and to hear her story.

She told us that, more than a year before, she had been in a distant city, where they were holding a campaign then, and had attended frequently.

But she had not been vitally touched. She was so unhappy, and so depressed that the word of God did not seem to have any meaning for her. She was reticent as to the cause, but let us understand that differences had arisen between her husband and herself, which had resulted in a practical separation between them, although they still continued to occupy their home.

"But I was a broken hearted woman," she told us. "I had no real interest in life. Toward my husband I was cold and reserved. I spoke to him only when courtesy forced me to do so, but our home was as silent and dull as though no one lived in it.

"I felt that I was the injured person, and my pride kept me from considering that there might be another phase to the matter.

"After I returned home from your services, I kept thinking of the messages I had heard, and especially of the songs, among which there was one which rang in my ears, day and night.

It was the song, which everyone likes so much, 'Brighten the corner where you are.'

"I had really got so far, as to think of separating from my husband, in fact, as well as in spirit. I blamed him for our unhappiness, and I grew more and more sullen toward him.

"One night I woke and lay for hours, unable to sleep, and all at once I seemed to see that sentence in letters of fire across the blackness:

**"Let not narrow self your way debar."**

I sat up in bed and cried out, and saw my faults, in one flash. I remembered a great many things that I had allowed myself to forget.

"I remembered many times when I had refused to meet my husband half way. I knew that for a long time I had been allowing myself to be sullen and angry, and that I had kept the thought of God and what He wanted of me away from my life.

"I hadn't brightened any of my corner. I was bad tempered to my friends and servants. There wasn't a helpful thing in the world that I had had any thought for.

"I began, right away, to try to change. I was afraid, I think, to hope that my husband and I would be happy again, but I determined

that he should have a different sort of home, anyway, so that day I tried to be companionable at dinner, and afterward I went into the music room and played for him.

"He didn't say anything, but sat and listened to me. Then I began with my friends. I returned their visits, and I began taking an interest in the lives of my servants. My husband did not say anything for weeks, and, although I suffered terribly at the thought that he would never care for me again, I kept on.

"Then one evening, while I was trying to keep up a cheery conversation, and he sat silent, and reserved, he suddenly asked me if it could be possible that I was trying to win him back to happiness. Before I knew it, we were crying in each other's arms. Since then we have been trying to show our gratitude for our happiness by brightening every life that we touch."

So then I told her, too, of how the song came to be written, and of some of the things it had inspired persons to do and to be.

In one of the cities that we visited, the woman who did our laundry work fell under the influence of the song.

She was a good, hard-working, Irish woman, with four children to support. Her husband

had deserted her years before, and by her own efforts she had succeeded in rearing them, and in sending them to school.

A better hearted, more earnest woman it would have been hard to find, but in spite of this she was of a morose, gloomy disposition. It was difficult for anyone really to blame her who knew the circumstances of her life, but it undoubtedly made her little home most unhappy, and forbidding. The older girl and boy caused the mother a great deal of anxiety by their tendency to stay out late at night, not really doing any harm, but seeking for that gayety and amusement which their youth demanded. The younger children were fretful and hard to discipline. She complained to me several times, saying that it seemed hard that a woman who worked as she did to bring up a family, single-handed, and to put them in the way of an education and a respectable life, should have such ungrateful children.

Not understanding, at the time, her fault in the matter, we suggested that she should bring the two older children to the meetings. It might attract them, we told her. Many children had been won to God by the campaigns.

She shook her head and said, plaintively, that for years she had never been able to go

anywhere at night or on Sunday. All of her waking hours must be spent in her washing and ironing if she did not want to lose her home. But she promised to have the children go.

The next time she brought the washing she reported that the children were attending the meetings every night. She was pleased, but no doubt as soon as we went away, they would drift into bad habits, again. She was not at all hopeful.

We tried to encourage her, but she refused to believe that they might be permanently helped.

After that we did not see her until we were just leaving. She brought the clothes home, as it happened, when we were not there.

On her last visit, however, we stared at her the moment she came into the room. She was changed in some way, and we could not make out, at first just what it was. Then it flashed on us. She had always been such a sad, worn, melancholy looking creature, and now she was smiling so that her worn features seemed almost radiant.

"You look happy, this morning," some one said. "Have your children improved their ways?"

She shook her head, and said, with the touch

of a brogue which made her speech quaint, that it was not the children who had improved, but herself. Here is the substance of what she told us:

She had been a sick woman with a young baby when her husband left her, after years in which she had done her best to make him happy, and to win him to a sober and decent life. It had embittered her to find that all her efforts had been useless. She felt that God had not helped her, that He had, in fact, been most unfair to her.

At first, she had had to appeal to the Charity Society to help her, and that had hurt her sturdy pride so much that she felt she could "never hold up her head again." Then, as she grew stronger, she had found work, but work of the hardest kind, to do.

Years and years went on, without any news of her missing husband, and without her being able to do more than barely keep the roof over the heads of herself and children and food in their mouths.

She had forgotten in her physical struggle, that children need more than material things, that their young hearts need happiness—that they cannot take a mother's love for granted, but must have some expression of it.

And so the older children, finding their home so unhappy and cold, had begun to take to the streets for their play-ground. It was at this point that she had coaxed them into going to one of our meetings.

Contrary to her dismal expectations, the youngsters were immediately interested. But still she went about her duties with her face long, and her usual frown, although the children were beginning to make the house ring with a strange music in songs they had heard in the Tabernacle. One song seemed to be their favorite.

It was "Brighten the Corner Where You Are."

The washerwoman said it was as though somebody had given her a sudden slap when she began to take in the meaning of the words, as they were sung by her own children, whom she had almost driven to the streets by her sourness of manner and character.

The fault in their home life had not been due to the children but to herself.

She taught herself to laugh. "And God, Himself, only knows how hard that was!" she said with her Irish brogue and her wonderful Irish smiles.

She had bought some games for the chil-

dren. She allowed them to race and romp around the house. She encouraged them to bring in their playmates. Once in a while she spared a little time and money to make them some molasses taffy, and to allow them an hour in the kitchen for a candy "pull."

"Sure, it's brightenin' th' corner I am!" she said, as she finished her story.

Once, as one of my friends was getting my collars from a Chinese laundry a few blocks from the tabernacle, he heard a queer, falsetto voice singing words which sounded vaguely familiar.

"Blighten the colna wel you al!" was what reached his ears.

The proprietor, a very bright, well educated Chinese, called the singer from the tubs, and in his odd, clipped speech, he began to tell him another story of the results of that marvelous little song.

He was a "Chlistian" now, he said. He had hit the "tlail," as he called it. He did not know, very well, how to sing "Melican" fashion, but he loved that "Blighten the Colna" song.

Chang, today, has established one of the most unique Christian enterprises in the country. He has formed a little school over a

stable where he holds meetings for the members of his own race. He has interested several women of the neighborhood in his work, who teach English classes twice a week. One of them is a vocal instructor, who is laboring with the difficulties of training the Chinese throat into a normal pitch, instead of the high falsetto, natural to the race.

She writes that Chang is really inspired. He has even brought to conversion several American customers of the laundry, where he is still employed. He has succeeded in Christianizing his employer, one of the most inscrutable and suave of Chinamen, all the harder to touch because of his many-sided mental development, for he is an accomplished Confucian scholar, and can argue on any religion, or about any form of philosophy.

Chang loves to sing, and it is the grief of his life that he has never succeeded in acquiring that gift. Also, it has been impossible, so far, for him to master English. He still "Blightens" his corners and otherwise allows the letter "r" to elude him, but in earnestness, the purity of his life, and the intentness of his missionary spirit he overcomes these obstacles.

It is only recently that his American associates learned that his first effort at brightening

his corner was to conquer his own habit of taking opium. What he must have suffered in his solitary task of self-reformation, no one can imagine, unless they know something of the fearful toll which that drug exacts from those who seek to release themselves from its blight.

Usually, the services of a doctor and nurses and special treatment are necessary, as well as the most earnest efforts of the subject, himself. Yet Chang accomplished it alone.

And sometimes, in his meetings over the stable, he tells of his experience. He says that when he was so racked and torn by his fight that he thought he would surely die, he tried to sing, and he sang over and over the song which had first made him realize the beginning of his upward way was to remove the darkness which had for so long shrouded his soul.

This is a far, far cry from the author of the little song—in her quiet home, following her domestic duties, and thinking that the scope of her influence must always be confined within four walls, isn't it?

God's message knows no limits of space, or society, or race, or creed.

And it was God's message which she has

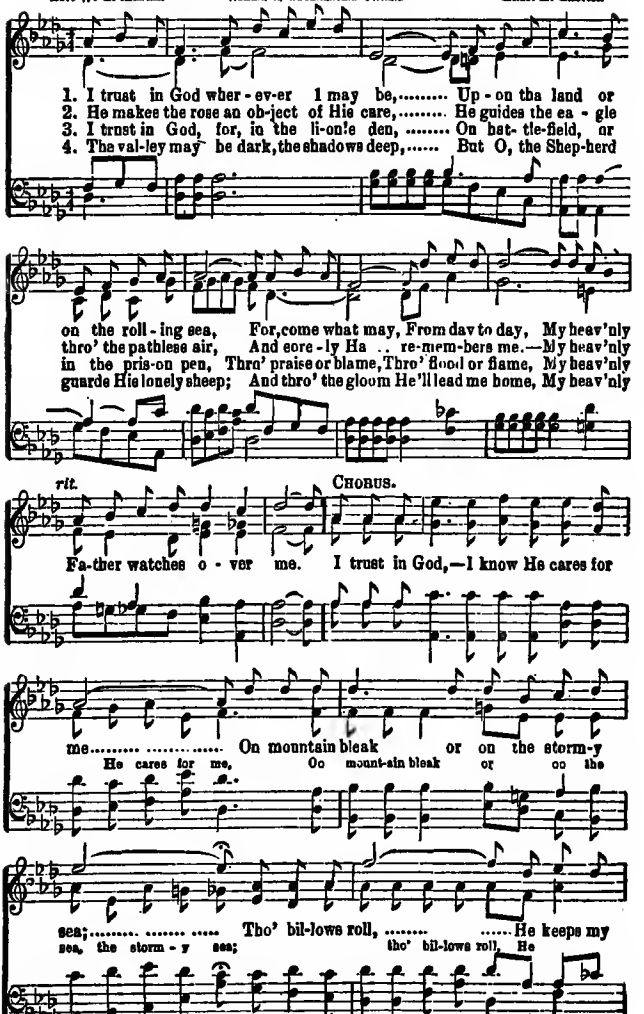
sung to the world in her humbly offered song.

Just above are clouded skies you may help to clear
Let not narrow self your way debar
Though into one heart alone may fall your song of cheer,
Brighten the corner where you are.

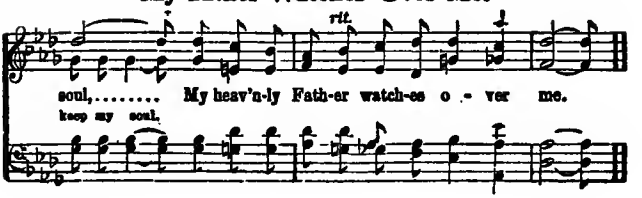
# My Father Watches Over Me.



Rev. W. C. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.



## My Father Watches Over Me.



## II

### "MY FATHER WATCHES OVER ME"

I trust in God, wherever I may be,
Upon the land or on the rolling sea:
For come what may, from day to day,
My heavenly Father watches over me.

How far down can a man go—and still be reclaimed?

How near can he get to the bottom—and come up again?

This is the story of a man, who was first the victim of environment, and then a victim of circumstances, and last, and most fatal, a victim of himself.

And yet Robert Steele came back again. Behind him was a prison record. He had sunk hopelessly into the grip of alcohol. He had no education, or moral soundness on which to build. His inspiration was gone—his faith in himself was lost.

And yet a song snatched him up from the mire—and remade his life.

There are those who would call the reclaiming of such a man a miracle. I call it the spirit of God singing into his life.

To understand his history, and the final crisis that marked the turning of the way, when it seemed the darkest, let us take a bird's eye view of his life.

Robert Steele didn't start as a bad boy. Few so-called bad men ever do. So the story doesn't begin in the gutter. The gutter is the end—never the beginning.

As a matter of fact, Robert Steele didn't enter life with any particular handicap.

He was the only child of decent parents. His father was a hard working men, who made a good salary, and his mother a thrifty woman, who tried to keep the home atmosphere bright and cheery, and her son clean, and "out of mischief," but all her energies were bent for the bodily comfort of her son and her husband. Their spiritual welfare never entered into her mind.

About the only time little Bob ever heard anything about God was when he got into mischief, and his mother told him that if he didn't mend his ways, God would surely punish him. The child came to look upon this something his mother called "God" with anything but

love. Fear and rebellion rose in his little heart against him. Fear of the punishment he would mete out, and rebellion that somebody he had never seen had the power and the right to mete out that punishment to him.

His father was the brightest spot in young Bob's life. When he came home from work there was always a stick of candy "for the boy" somewhere in his pockets, and nights, after supper, there was always a place on his knee, while he read the evening paper.

And, when Bob was tired, and fretful, Dad would take his big gold watch from his pocket, and hold it to his ear for his entertainment.

On Sundays and Holidays, his father took him to parks and on boats—to places where there were crowds of people, pushing and shoving each other, and sweltering in the heat of summer days, and enjoying themselves or thinking they did, and Bob's father would put him on a horse on a merry-go-round, that whirled so quickly he couldn't see the people standing around. Bob never forgot those things.

Bob's mother was raising a fine boy—so all the neighbors said—but Bob's father gave him a good time, and boylike, Bob loved a good time.

Things might have gone on so until Bob grew up and became a man, and possessed a little Bob of his own—if a group of men hadn't brought his father home one day. They said he had fallen under a car and been injured. They put him to bed, and he never got up again.

His mother pushed a table over close to his bed, and there were a lot of queer-looking little bottles, with colored stuff in them, on the table, and Dad's big gold watch lay open beside them.

Bob used to climb on the bed, and sit with his father for hours, but his father didn't talk much, and Bob would watch the little second hand of the watch go round.

One day his father was looking at him.

"You like that watch, don't you, son?" he asked.

"Bet I do, Dad," was the response, "when I'm a big man I'm going to have one like it."

His father sighed, and laid his head on his pillow.

"You're going to have that one, now, Bob," he said, "it's yours—take good care of it."

Bob was delighted. He wanted to thank his father with a hug and a kiss, and he turned to him, but something in the calm, pale face

arrested him—he climbed down from the bed, and ran out into the kitchen to his mother.

"Daddy's all white," he told her, "and I'm afraid."

His mother dashed into the sick room—she looked at her husband, and then, with a cry of grief, she threw herself on her knees beside the bed, and sobbed. The boy knelt down beside her, and sobbed, too, because he thought it was the right thing to do. Bye and bye she took him in her arms, and cried over him, and then more things happened.

People came and went, and they nearly all cried too, and there was a funeral and lots of flowers, for most everybody liked Bob's father; they said "he was a good fellow."

After that, there was no more "dad." His mother wore dull black dresses, and she didn't hum as she went about her work, and later on, he was sent to school, and he "got in with the other kids," and began to forget about his father, but not altogether—the memory of dad's kindness to him never left him—no one had ever been so good to him. His "mother was all right—but not the way dad had been."

Then a strange thing happened—he came home one day, and his mother introduced him to a man, who she said was going to be his new

papa, and the man patted him on the shoulder, and said he was a fine little lad, and he hoped they would get on together.

Bob stared at the man, and at his mother—and finally left the room. It might be a fine thing to have a new "dad," one who would be as good to him as that other "dad," who would never come home again—but, somehow, a lump arose in the boy's throat at the thought.

And Bob's mother married again, and—but let Bob tell his own story, as he told it to us, in the simple, direct earnestness of a man, who is keeping nothing back, and who is trying to make you understand him and his life, just as he lived it.

The man's sincerity can't be doubted. Whether you believe in his story or not, he believes it thoroughly, himself. There is no doubt of that.

"From the first my step-father and I didn't take to each other. Of course, I was only a kid about ten years old. I was going to the public school in our district, and, up to that time, I was doing fair enough, but that new father of mine somehow put a kink into me all round.

"Nothing I did for him seemed to be right, and, after a while, I didn't want to do any-

thing. Mother began to change too, and to scold and nag me more than she had ever done before.

"I began to play 'hooky' from school, and 'shooting craps' with boys, nearly twice as old as I was. My step-father caught me at it one day, and gave me a thrashing. It was the first one I had ever had, and I didn't like it. I think if he had talked to me in the right way even then things might have been changed. I was just a sullen, soured kid, and no one seemed to think it worth while to try to understand me.

"Then, to make matters worse, another child was born to my mother, and she made me think more than ever that she had forgotten all about me.

"One day my mother gave me a sharp scolding about something, and said she would speak to my father. I flew up, and told her he wasn't my father, and the neighbors said he had married her because of the money my own father had left from his wages and insurance.

"Of course, I had no right to say it, and, when her husband heard it, there was a lively scene, and from that time things were almost unbearable.

"About a month later I saw that my step-

father had appropriated dad's watch, the one he had left for me with his last words.

"I told him it was my watch, that he had no right to it—and I was black and blue all over when he was finished with me. That night, I slipped into his room when he was asleep, and took the watch—it was mine, didn't my own dad give it to me? I stole a ride on a freight train to the next town. I didn't care what happened to me. If my dad had only lived!

"My mother's husband didn't make much complaint about my leaving, or taking the watch. He knew well enough where I was, because he saw me when he was driving through the town one afternoon. But he seemed more interested in a corner saloon than he did in me, and he never stopped.

"When I was about sixteen, I drifted into Cleveland. I had become a strong, husky young fellow, and I got a job at the docks, hauling freight onto a lake boat, bound for Buffalo. I began to make pretty good money. The work was hard, but I had muscles like an ox. Strange to say, I wasn't a spend-thrift. There seemed to be a streak of economy in me, even as a boy, and I even began to dream about owning my own boat some day.

"On Sundays, when I was all dressed up in a good suit, with dad's watch in my pocket, I wasn't such a bad looking chap. But all I was thinking of was saving my money. It became a kind of a mania with me. I worked on the docks about four years, and had laid by a tidy bank roll.

"One day Captain Hussy, who ran one of the biggest boats to Buffalo, said, 'Bob, if you want a berth on my boat, come on, it's waiting for you.'

"The captain was a fine fellow, kind of—reminded me of my own dad. I had charge of the cargoes, checked 'em up, and all that. I'd been on that boat for something over a year, and was beginning to do quite a bit of reading when I wasn't busy.

"The captain told me what books to read, and all that, and I was getting along famously when—other things began to happen.

"We had a consignment of some pretty fine silks from a Cleveland concern to a Buffalo wholesale house. There were eight cases. I checked them off as they took them on the boat, and I took particular good care of them, too.

"When we got into Buffalo there were only

seven cases of the silk. No one could account for the other one.

"The purser came to me, and said: 'How many cases were there when we started?'

" 'Eight. I checked them off.'

" 'And only seven arrived,' he said, in a nasty way.

"That purser never liked me much at any time. There was a kick about that missing case, but I couldn't account for it, and no one else could.

"That night, I was sitting in my room in a hotel not far from the Buffalo docks, where I always stayed when we were in that city, and was counting over the money I had with me. It was nearly three hundred dollars.

"I didn't have my door locked, and suddenly the purser walked in—Croyden was his name. He grinned, as he saw the money.

" 'Got a nice wad,' he said.

" 'Yes,' I admitted, 'I save my money.'

"He laughed. 'Funny about that case of silk,' he said. 'Yes,' I replied, thinking no more of it, 'but I suppose we'll find it. It can't be stolen.'

" 'You ought to know!' he said, and went out, with a queer looking grin on his face.

"Next morning on the dock, he came straight up to me.

" 'No more nonsense, Steele! What did you do with that case of silk?'

" 'What do you mean?'

" 'Don't play innocent—where did you sell it? I saw you counting the money you got for it, last night!'

" 'Do you mean to say I'm a thief?'

" 'Looks that way! I've been talking to the captain!'

"And then I saw red all over. I didn't know what I was doing. I picked up a shovel, and hit him over the head. He went down without a word.

"A crowd gathered, and, before I knew it, I was hustled into a patrol wagon. There was a trial—and I was sent up for five years for murderous assault. Funny, isn't it, what a difference a day can make in a man's life?

Nearly all my savings went to pay my lawyer, and he had the nerve to tell me I was lucky I didn't get a longer sentence.

"Captain Hussy told me he was sorry, but that I should have had patience and self control.

"They sent me to Auburn, and, take it from me, that place at that time wasn't any hotel

lobby, or public reading room. I gave them as little trouble as I could, not because I wanted to be good, or reform—I couldn't see where I needed reforming, but because I knew the better my record the sooner I would be out. They let me go in about three years and a half.

"Captain Hussy was dead. The purser was the new boss of the ship—and one of the old hands told me they had found the missing case of silk. It seems that it had been mixed up with some other consignment—but that didn't do me any good now.

"There weren't many jobs for me after that. I couldn't understand it at all.

"One day I said to one of my old pals: 'Why is it everybody is shy of me? Aren't they satisfied yet I am not a thief? Isn't it bad enough to be sent away for three years for something I didn't do?'

"My old pal shook his head, and said: 'Bob, you weren't sent away for stealing silk. You were convicted for half killing a man.'

"And that's the way it stood. They told me I was lucky I wasn't a murderer—if it hadn't been for the cleverness of the ambulance doctor, who attended Croyden, he would never have pulled through.

"I began thinking things over, and I saw there was no use to stay around there. I drifted south, and crossed the State line into Pennsylvania. I don't know how it happened, but I fell in with a couple of 'con men,' who were running an all round gambling game.

"We made money—it was a swindle, but I didn't care—I wanted to get back some of the money I had used to pay that lawyer for getting me five years instead of ten.

"One day I told one of the men of my troubles, and he laughed, and said, 'Don't worry—we all get it in the neck. Take a drink, and forget it.

"If a drink could make me forget, I was willing to take it—to take two—as many as were necessary. I took that drink. It was a whiskey straight. I didn't like the stuff, and I took another, I don't know why. Pretty soon the craving for it got hold of me. I was drunk half the time.

"My pals began to warn me. They couldn't use a drunkard even in their work, but I laughed at them and told them I had started to drink at their advice.

"I guess I was hitting it up pretty hard, but I didn't care. I was trying to forget. One day my pals looked serious.

" 'Bob,' said the one, who always did the talking, 'we're sorry, but we have decided to quit this partnership. We're going to pay you your share, straight and honest, and quit. We can't stand for a drunkard!'

"It sounded funny to me. I had thought any one was good enough for a swindling game. But I guess drunkards aren't wanted anywhere—not even in a gang of hold-up men.

"Well, we quit—they gave me an honest share of the profits. I thought I would go South, and try the game on my own hook.

"I drifted into Tennessee, and wandered down to a pretty little town, right back of the Blue Ridge Mountains. I met a young fellow there, and we got to be chummy. After a while, he told me he was running a still, turning out the finest whiskey in the country, but he needed money to operate. We ended up by going into partnership.

"His name was Art, and he had a sister, Jennie—the prettiest little woman I thought I had ever seen.

"I had never thought much of women before, but she—she was different in some way. Before I knew what I was doing I was buying her candy and ribbons, and the next thing I was asking her to marry me. I know I

shouldn't have done it, but the queer part of it was that she took me.

"She didn't know anything about me, that is the truth. And she didn't know what her brother was doing, either; she thought he was in business in the city. I didn't tell her, and we were so happy for a time that I even cut out the booze. And then when the baby came —happy? There isn't any name for it!

"And then things happened again. One day the revenue officers raided our still, and Art got a bullet in his lungs. I escaped, but I didn't have the heart to tell Jennie that her brother had been killed, and she guessed all kinds of things when he didn't come home, and had the life worried out of me.

"I took to drink again, and it was the finish. Jennie stood it for a time, then she packed up and left. I didn't blame her—she couldn't live with me.

"She left me a note, saying where I could find her when I made up my mind to give up rum, but I laughed at it.

"I stuck the note into my pocket, and forgot about it. Before long I hocked my father's watch for booze, the watch I had kept through everything—until then. I took to trampin', pickin' up a bit here and there. It wasn't long

before I was like the rest of the hoboes—nothing but a piece of driftwood.

"One day I found myself in a town in Jersey. Half drunk-hungry—I always managed to get hold of a drink some way—I was feeling so worn out and sick with it all that I had about made up my mind that the river was the only place for me. I took out Jennie's note, and read it again—well, I'd never add to her troubles again!

"It was raining, and cold—and that didn't help any. I wandered around, trying to decide to take the plunge.

"Down the street, a few blocks away from where I stood huddled in the doorway of a barber shop, I saw a crowd gathering. I wondered, in a kind of a foolish way, what the attraction was, and finally decided to investigate.

"Going to the mission," somebody on the edge of the crowd told me.

"I looked up the street, and saw a low building like a shed, with the crowds swarming into it. It meant shelter from the rain, and cold, so I followed, in my turn. I found a seat near the back, and sat down. They were singing some song that had a pretty catch and swing to it.

"Then I began to make out the words'—

> For, come what may, from day to day,
> My heavenly father watches o'er me.

"I sat up straight in my seat. For the first time in years I thought of old dad. Somehow, I was glad he couldn't see me now. I put my hand in my vest pocket to touch his watch, and then I remembered as it all came over me in a rush, and I cursed myself. I wanted to cry out, but I didn't. I sat like a stone as I heard the rest of the song!—

> I trust in God—I know he cares for me.
> On mountain bleak, or on the stormy sea;
> The billows roll, he keeps my soul,
> My heav'nly Father watches over me.

"To save my life, I couldn't keep the tears from rolling down my cheeks. There was a queer lump in my throat that kept growing. Before I had time to steal a look around me to see if any one was watching, a man started to preach on the platform.

"He was talking about God—'our Heav'nly Father'—he said.

"I had always had the idea that God was standing over me with a whip, ready to strike the moment you made a false step, but this man

said that that was all wrong, that God is our friend—ready to help us, and only waiting for us to ask him.

"My thoughts began to drift back to the days when I was a boy. Yes, that was true of Dad, too. *He* was always ready to help me. The queer lump in my throat was coming back, and then they started the song again:

> I trust in God—I know he cares for me.
> On mountain bleak, or on the stormy sea;
> The billows roll, He keeps my soul,
> My heav'nly Father watches over me.

"The man on the platform was speaking again, but I didn't hear him. I was stumbling down the aisle toward him. My head was spinning, and I was staggering, but I kept on until I caught his hand, and then I dropped on my knees.

"My body was crying out for something beyond me, about me that I was trying to get hold of. I know now it was the hand of God, and that it was reaching down to me. I tried to speak, but I choked. And then, suddenly, a great strange quietness came over me. The choking in my throat stopped. My eyes cleared. And somehow I *knew* that something had come into my life, that had never

been there before. I couldn't explain it—but I *knew* it was there. All I could understand was that I had found a new Father, and that he had been looking for me for years.

"And I knew, too, that I could never go back to the old life again. I was weak, and dizzy, and trembling, but that much was clear to me. It was as though some one had drawn a sharp line before me, and I had stepped across it. I could never step back.

"It happened just like that. Maybe you have your own way to explain it. But it's enough for me just to say that God did it.

"As for Jennie, when I got straightened up, I went back to her, and told her the whole story, from start to finish. If I had wanted a proof that she loved me, I had it when she put her arms around me, and started to cry. I bought her one of those new style plush coats with a big fur collar on it the other day, and she's as happy as can be. Little Jennie is taking piano lessons, and the first song she learned to play was 'My Heav'nly Father Watches Over Me.'

"I wish you could hear her mother sing it! She always had a dandy voice, anyway, but I never heard her sing like that before.

"My mother is living with us, too. When

I got on my feet, I went back to the old home town, and found that my step-father had used every cent of my money at the saloon, and that their child had died.

"And, maybe, you think she wasn't glad to come with me, too!"

The speaker paused in his narrative, and a faint, boyish grin of pride spread over his face, as he reached into his vest pocket, and drew out a watch.

"Handsome, isn't it? It used to belong to my father. He gave it to me when I was a boy!"

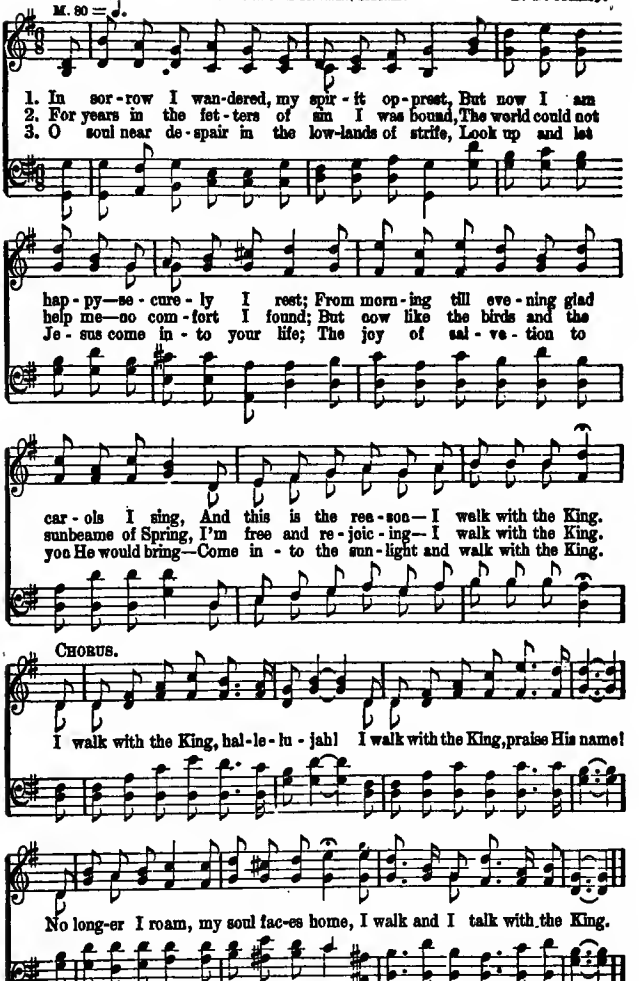
The valley may be dark, the shadows deep,
But O, the Shepherd guards his lonely sheep;
And through the gloom, he'll lead me home,
My heavenly Father watches over me.

# I Walk With the King.



James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

M. 80 = ♩.



## III

### "I WALK WITH THE KING"

In sorrow I wandered, my spirit opprest,
But now I am happy—securely I rest;
From morning till evening glad carols I sing,
And this is the reason—I walk with the King.

No one can ever tell just how a song is going to affect another person. Yet certain songs are sure to become favorites among all classes of people. One of the most popular of all the solos I have sung in our campaigns is "I Walk With the King," with its swinging, martial tune.

There is something about it which seems to stir almost every heart, and uplifts those as wide apart in social life as it is possible for men and women to be. Some who have been rare exponents of classical music have been attracted by the sturdy, marching measure of the song. Like all those hymns, coming straight from consecrated hearts, I Walk With the King means many different things to the different persons who hear it.

I suppose that no race in the world is more deeply religious or more naturally musical than colored people. I remember one night, while we were in Philadelphia, that I started a real riot of enthusiasm among a big churchful of colored folks, by singing about The King.

You know how delightful some of the old plantation songs are. As I spent some of my early years down South, I knew a number of the old plantation melodies, and we all enjoyed ourselves hugely. Then, to give variety, I sang our song, "I Walk With the King."

They listened with the most intense interest, showing their pleasure and happiness by the fervent exclamations which are peculiar to them.

"Yes, mah Lawd!"

"Hallelujah—I's walkin' wid 'im!"

"Bless de Lawd—Sunlight—Jesus, sunlight!"

All this was in a sort of subdued murmur, but as I finished the chorus of the last verse, a wonderful looking old "mammy," whose growing excitement I had noticed, even though she sat far back, suddenly sprang to her feet, whipped off her old bonnet and came charging down the aisle.

"Hallelujah!" she shouted at the top of her voice, "Glory! I walks wid im—I walks wid 'im, too, brudder!"

Now the ejaculations broke out into a running fire, and for a few minutes we had a genuine, old fashioned sort of a time, just like the Plantation revivals, when everybody was "happy."

No one can imagine what a happiness it is to me to think that my voice has been permitted to do work for the Master. One of the ways in which this has been done—and which I little anticipated—is in the reproduction of some of our songs on the Victrola.

Naturally, I did not expect to hear so much about that form of my work, as I do when I sing directly for an audience in person, but I was surprised to discover that so many took the trouble to sit down and write me about my records.

One lady, in Massachusetts, told one of our workers that for comfort she liked to listen to the record, "Sweeter As the Years Go By." And when things in her daily life seemed difficult, she put on the record "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." But for the fine courage needed for special times of trial she always wanted to hear, "I Walk With the King."

Besides this comfort out of the records, she used them for work for Christ. You know there is a certain type of respectable self-satisfied people who are last always, to hear a call to conversion. It seemed that this lady knew of a number of friends of this type, and when they were visiting her she would casually invite them to hear her phonograph. She said that one man who had not been inside a church for years, could not keep the tears from his eyes as he listened to the words of "I Walk With the King" and soon afterward he told her that he was singing that song "all the time, now."

A lady stopped one of our workers one evening to say that she wanted to tell of an interesting incident connected with one of our songs.

It seemed that her home was in an adjoining suburb. As we had just begun our campaign in the city, only a few of the residents as yet knew our songs. And so she had been surprised, the evening before, to hear a little local band which practiced in a hall over the post office, and which usually seemed to confine itself to ragtime, practicing "I Walk With the King."

Supposing that some one in the band had

been to our meetings, and knowing the bandmaster, she went up into the hall to ask. He shook his head and said that he did not know what the song was. One of the young men had heard it whistled, that afternoon, and he was so struck with its melody that he had tried to play it on his instrument when they met, that evening, for practice. And the others, listening to it, were caught by its fascination, and tried to reproduce it, too.

The lady then went on to say she had at once sung the words for them, and they had expressed the intention of attending our services in a body, which they did, shortly afterward.

Several members of the band came down to take Mr. Sunday's hand at the close of the service, and the leader told the worker, who approached him, that he, for one, was determined to give all of his musical talents to God, from that time on.

Children love this particular song. I have so often noticed that they sing it with peculiar and exceptional vim and power. Its note of hope and happiness, and its thought of sunlight suit the springing glories of their minds, and the purity of their young hearts.

Boys of the ages of twelve to sixteen—those

most difficult ages!—like it. I remember that one of our workers told me one night that she had been so interested in a young lad, not more than fourteen, who came to take Mr. Sunday's hand.

With boyish enthusiasm, he was eager to talk about this intense experience of salvation which had come to him. He said that nothing in his life had so moved him as the song, "I Walk With the King." He had always gone to church, but "somehow or other, that song just made me think," as he expressed it. It was hard for him, with the inarticulateness of childhood, to find words for the emotions that so filled him, but his eyes shone, his lips quivered, and all his slim young body seemed to thrill with the eager joy of having found Christ.

As I said in the beginning, you never can tell how a song is going to touch the other person. The way in which men and women, of all grades and degrees of life and education, found the song of the King applicable to their own needs goes to show that God sees no difference in us. We are all His children, with human hearts, waiting for the miracle of the great awakening.

The song, which stampeded a church full of

colored folks, was also the favorite of a dear friend of mine in Paterson, New Jersey. I came to know her through the story of the great cross which she had to bear. She had suffered a paralytic stroke, and for a long time had been unable to leave her chair, day or night.

What made this pathetic story, as it was told to me, seem all the more sad, was the splendid life which the afflicted woman had led in that city. She had been a teacher in the public schools, famous for her scholarship, and mastery of the difficult art of teaching, but even more famous for her ability to mold young hearts into the right way of living, and for her lasting influence in her pupils. It was said that long after her children left her, even when they grew up and became adult members of the community, many of them continued their habit of going to her for inspiration, help and advice.

I was greatly touched and said that I would see her at once.

The quiet room into which I was taken, and the patient figure in the wheel chair, coupled with the thought that she, who had had her finger on the pulse of the youth of that big city for so long, only now in her own closing

years to be stricken so cruelly, saddened me so that at first I could hardly speak.

But the clearness of her mind and the sweetness of her nature were so wonderful, and so apparent, that soon I could feel only delight in the inspiration of her patience.

Even though, in her old age, she, who had done so much for others, should be helpless to do for herself, she still felt that God's promises had not failed her, and her eyes were not full, either, as she said it.

She felt, she said, that she had been allowed to finish her work. It was hard, sometimes, not to walk in the sun, as she had liked to do, all her life, but the sunlight of the earth was but a reflection from that brighter sun which would never cease to shine.

I told her that while there are some things which we find hard to understand, we can always go back to God's promise, and know that for every dark day, and for every heartache, and every tear, and privation, there will be His blessing. And when the veil is rent and we see His face, we will be glad we have suffered for Him on this earth.

I do not think that I shall ever forget the inspiration which that hour of communion meant to me. And then she asked if I would

sing for her, and I asked her what should it be?

"Please sing, 'I Walk With the King," she said.

I was surprised.

"Where did you hear that song?" I inquired.

"I think you hardly realize how your songs have penetrated all the strata of the city," she said. "I have heard all sorts of people whistling their melodies as they pass my window. And when friends come to call, sometimes, they hum the tunes, also. Of all the songs that I have heard in that way, the one I like best is 'I Walk With the King.' Friends have tried to sing it for me, but I want to hear *you!* I want to hear you sing it, just as you do when you are singing for so many thousands," and with a beautiful smile she added, "I like that part about coming into the sunlight."

This is the verse she liked, and which I sang for her more than once:

Oh, soul near despair in the lowland of strife
Look up and let Jesus come into your life.
The joy of salvation to you He would bring,
Come straight into the sunlight and walk with the King.

I walk with the King, hallelujah.
I walk with the King, praise His name.

No longer I roam, my soul faces home,
I walk and I talk with the King.

About a year after this I was down at Ocean Grove and was told that the dear, afflicted soul was there. She had been failing so rapidly that she did not recognize any one, not even her dearest friends, who were so anxiously hovering around her.

So it was that I had no anticipation of a word with her, but in loving reverence, I wanted to bid the saint Godspeed on her way to the Kingdom.

It was a very silent, hushed room into which I went. I sat down beside her and took her hand in mine, and although I had no idea that one word of what I said would reach her, I tried to talk a little, saying what I would have liked to have said could she hear me.

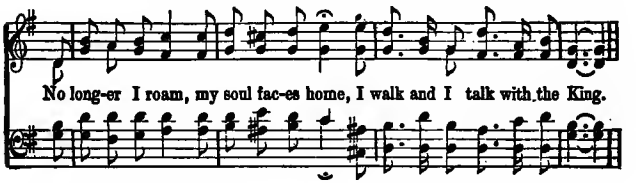
And then a wonderful thing happened. Her set face, staring ahead as if she looked away at something which we could not see, suddenly seemed to light up. And, scarcely moving her lips, she murmured:—

"Into the sunlight. Into the sunlight."

A strange thing, was it not, that my voice, which she had heard only once, should stir into life the vibrations of her memory, and with it,

that part of the song which she had so loved?

A few days later she passed out into that great, never-failing sunlight, for which she had yearned so long and so patiently.

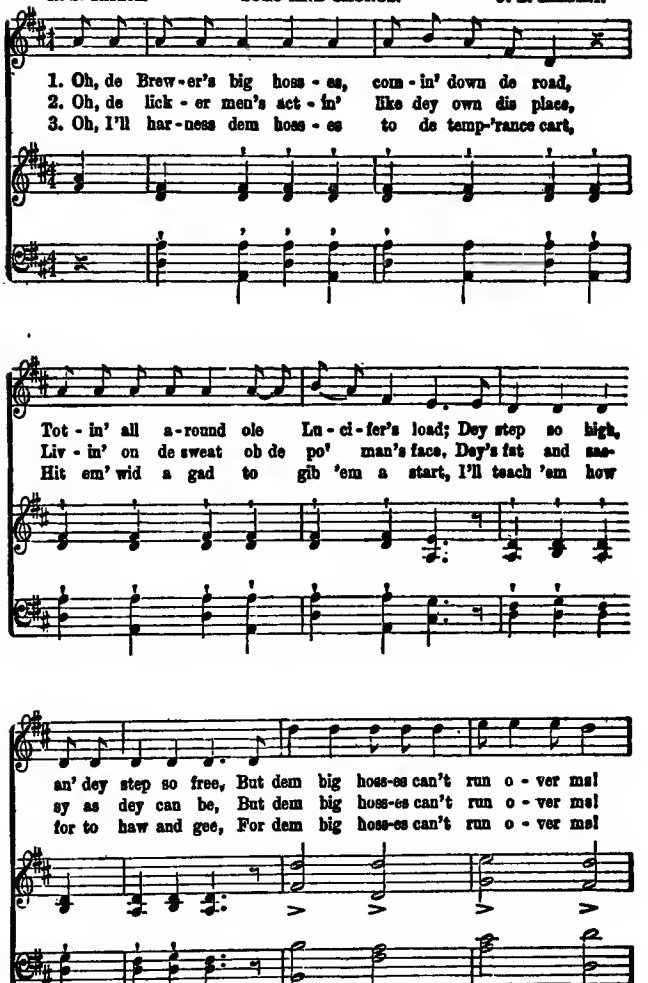



They said that her face was extraordinarily beautiful when life had departed from it. I am sure that in those hours when she lay with her senses closed to the world, she had a vision of what God had in store for her—of the love and joy toward which her eager soul strained. Probably the last earthly vibration which her soul caught was that which my voice brought to her—and which awoke in her the echo of her beloved song.

O soul near despair in the lowlands of strife,
Look up and let Jesus come into your life;
The joy of salvation to you he would bring,
Come into the sunlight and walk with the King.

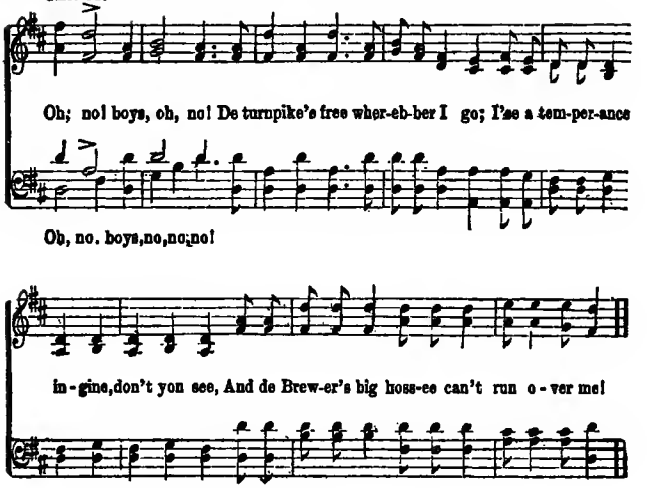
# De Brewer's Big Hosses.

H. S. Taylor. SOLO AND CHORUS. J. B. Herbert.



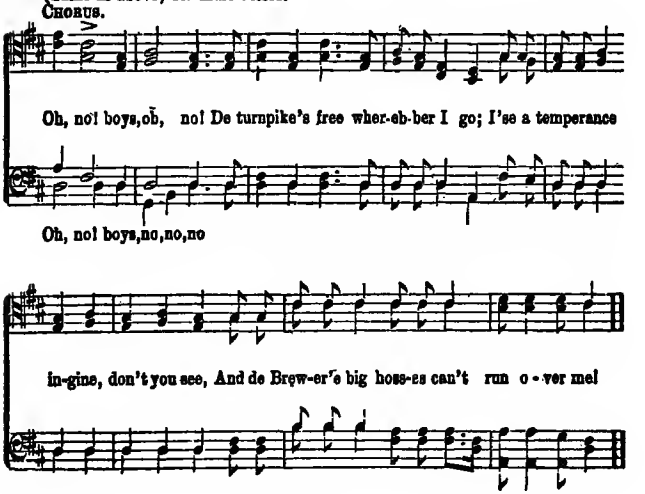
## De Brewer's Big Hosses.

CHORUS.




(Same as above) for male voices.

CHORUS.



## IV

### DE BREWER'S BIG HOSSES

Oh, de Brewer's big hosses, comin' down de road,
Totin' all around ole Lucifer's load;
Dey step so high an' dey step so free,
But dem big hosses can't run over me!

"De Brewer's Big Hosses" is one of the simplest and homeliest of the songs in our program—and yet it has always been one of the most popular and most appealing.

I have often speculated as to the reason, and I have come to the conclusion that one of the principal causes for its success is its challenge to the democratic spirit of the American people.

We are inherently a nation of fighters. There is no slogan that will rally a crowd of real Americans as swiftly as that of right against might.

Our fight against the saloon is a response to such a slogan—the right of the weak, sorely tempted victim, struggling in the grip of alcohol, against the might of the organized liquor traffic.

The great temperance campaigns fundamentally are an appeal to American Democracy, an appeal to arms against the spread of a power that is more dangerous to human liberty than any autocracy.

But this is not a temperance lecture. It is the story of a song—a song, which some people say has done more to check the evil of the saloons in this country than many of the most impassioned addresses of our temperance orators.

A variety of interesting and dramatic stories are linked in my mind with the singing of "De Brewer's Big Hosses."

Perhaps the most unusual series of events, associated with the song, however, are those incidents connected with, and following the Billy Sunday campaign in Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Almost from the opening meeting, the song seemed to strike a responsive chord in the audience. It began to be called for again and again.

When I stepped to the edge of the platform, and called the list of special delegations, following our usual custom, and asked for their favorite song selection, I could be sure that some voice would call out in answer, "De

Brewer's Big Hosses," and that the request would always be followed by applause.

Scranton is one of the great coal-mining centers of the country, and it is essentially an industrial town.

There is no class of people in all of our experience among whom it is more inspiring to work than the American working men.

We are always sure of courteous, thoughtful attention, and when the response to the message comes we know that it is always sincere and honest, and straight from the hearts of those who give it.

Therefore, when we began to feel instinctively that our campaign was gaining headway and public favor in Scranton, we were more than usually gratified.

We knew that if we could get results those results would be permanent. And we were right.

If we could help win the Scranton miners and workingmen for Christ, we knew that our work would go on multiplying, long after our campaign had passed into history.

Therefore, when I felt the response to the song, "De Brewer's Big Hosses," and began to hear it sung and whistled on all sides, I knew that we were beginning to get down to the

great, throbbing heart of the factories and the mines.

And no truer, or more genuine heart ever beat for the cause of God than that of the man in overalls—when his Christ is really brought home to him.

As the campaign progressed the popularity of the song steadily increased.

It was being hummed and whistled in the mines and factories. It was being sung in the offices and stores. The words were printed in the newspapers, and even in advertising placards and announcements.

It was the big song of the moment as far as Scranton was concerned.

I doubt if a stranger could have remained in the city twenty-four hours without hearing it somewhere, even if he never went near the Billy Sunday Tabernacle.

The song had captured the city, and it kept on singing its message and its inspiration closer and closer into the heart of the community.

Various stories were brought to us of the results that had followed its singing.

One afternoon a large brewery wagon, filled to its capacity, was caught in the mud of a slushy street.

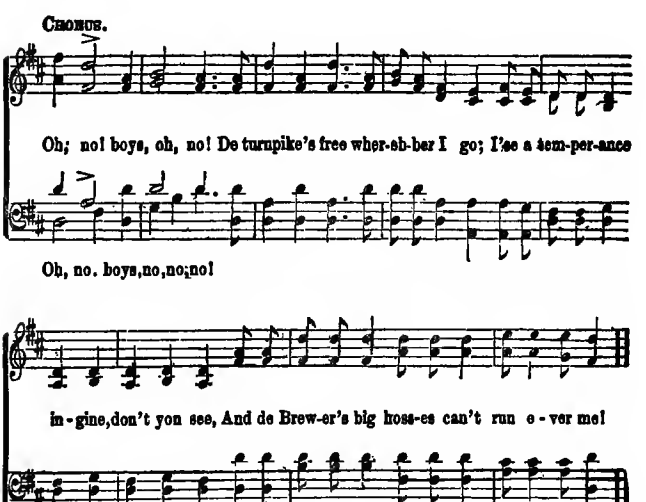
The driver whipped and cursed his team in

vain. The horses tugged and pulled and strained, but the heavy wheels were so firmly imbedded in the slush that it seemed almost impossible to move them.

While the driver was exhausting his vocabulary of profanity, a group of children, homeward bound from school, paused on the sidewalk to watch the spectacle.

In their eyes only the amusing side of the situation was apparent.

Suddenly one of the more roguish of the party struck up the words of the chorus:—



The rest of the children, catching the spirit of the song, and the dilemma of the brewers' driver, joined in with a will.

The perspiring man at the horses' heads turned with an oath:

"Stop that!" he snarled, brandishing his fists.

But his anger only incited the children to redoubled efforts, and again they sang the chorus.

Leaving his horses tugging at the mud-encrusted wheels, the driver made a dash toward the sidewalk, and caught two of the youngsters by their collars.

"I'll teach you to sing that song when I'm around!" he muttered, and in spite of their protests, he led them off to the local probation officer, to whom he told his angry narrative.

The court officer heard him with a barely concealed smile, and when he had finished, said, "Surely, you can hardly expect me to punish children for *singing* at you!

"It seems to me that the fault is with you. If you would get out of the brewery business, such a song wouldn't bother you in the least. I would advise you to go after the business—not the children!"

And the alleged culprits were dismissed,

while the driver was left to get his load out of the mud as best he could.

The incident made something of a public topic in the city, and the song became more popular than ever.

"De Brewer's Big Hosses Can't Run Over Me!" became almost a public by-word.

Shortly afterward another delivery wagon of the breweries was stuck fast in a street car track.

The motorman jangled his bell in vain, and before he could stop his car, hit the wagon, and knocked it from the track.

While the sweating driver flogged his horses, the motorman suddenly lifted his voice in the familiar chorus:

Oh, no, boys, oh, no!
De turnpike's free where-ebber I go!
I'se a temperance ingine, don't you see!
And de brewers' big hosses can't run over me!

The words were taken up by the passengers, and sung with gusto while the driver of the brewers wagon, with his face, brick-red, from the embarrassment of the situation, shook his fist in vain.

As the street car jingled past him, the words of the chorus floated back to him defi-

antly, and he realized that he had made himself a spectacle of public derision.

At last the temper of the thriving, bustling city was being awakened against the evil in its midst—the evil of the saloon that had flourished too long, unchecked.

As our work neared the closing days of the campaign, a monster civic parade was arranged in Mr. Sunday's honor.

We had been told that it would be made a public event, and, knowing the way Scranton did things, we expected something out of the ordinary, but none of us were prepared for the spectacle that met our eyes when the day for the much-advertised parade finally arrived.

Twenty thousand men, we were told, were in line, and as we gazed at the turn-out, we could quite believe the statement.

All walks of life, and all of the Scranton industries were represented.

Mules, that hadn't been brought into the daylight for years, had been hoisted from the line shafts.

Factories were closed down for the occasion, and their employees marshaled solidly in imposing divisions.

Stores advertised that business would be suspended, while their employees marched.

The Scranton lodges furnished a remarkable quota of their membership to swell the ranks of the parade.

City officials, the fire and police departments turned out.

It was a tribute upon which no man could gaze without tears in his eyes and a swelling in his heart, and Mr. Sunday regarded it as one of the supreme events of his life, and we all shared his gratification and appreciation.

Suddenly, as the marchers, with heads erect and banners flying, wended their way through the principal business streets, there was a commotion from the lines of spectators.

A heavy brewery wagon rumbled into their midst, through the line of the parade, while the driver whipped up his team, with apparently no thought of the disturbance he was creating.

A few minutes later there was another burst of shouts, and the same wagon appeared in the ranks of the parade, from the opposite side of the street.

Sullenly, and with muttered protests, the marchers broke ranks to allow it to pass.

When a few blocks farther on, the driver showed up again, his purpose was plain.

It was obvious that he was obeying orders to disrupt the line of march.

The men of the Scranton Bolt and Nut Works, with white faces of silent wrath, let him reach the middle of the street, and then, as though by a mighty, concerted effort, they sprang at the heads of his horses, and before he realized what was taking place, or that he had gone too far, they had stripped the harness from the animals, and turned the heavy wagon over on its side.

As they did so, some one started the chorus of "De Brewer's Big Hosses," and it was taken up with a volume that made itself heard for blocks.

The driver scrambled to the pavement, but he did not dare to utter a protest as he saw the temper of the crowd.

Still singing, the parade parted sufficiently to allow the marchers to pass by the overturned wagon in the street, and the fuming driver was left behind to correct the damage as he could, and realizing in his heart the stinging public rebuke that had been administered to him.

Afterward it developed that he had been employed to do his utmost to bring confusion into the ranks of the marchers, with the pur-

pose of detracting from the effect and enthusiasm of the occasion.

But the effort only served to deepen the enthusiasm, and reacted, in approved boomerang fashion, on the heads of those who conceived it.

Not only was the parade one of the great public successes of any event in Scranton history for years, but the petty plot of the breweries served to give more support and approval than ever to Mr. Sunday's efforts, and the campaign closed in a burst of praise that made the eyes of every worker dim with tears, as we finally bid good-by and God-speed to the city, that had rallied so nobly to our labors in its behalf.

The climax in the history of this song, so far as Scranton is concerned, came long after the campaign was closed, and its incidents had become a part of the history of the city.

It is another of the many illustrations that could be supplied from every section of the country that Mr. Sunday's efforts are not transitory in their effects, but produce results that are too deep-reaching and genuine not to be lasting.

It happened that an Italian boy was run over by one of the Scranton brewery drivers,

who did their best not to notice the public disdain and disapproval toward them.

The parents of the stricken child appealed to one of the leading lawyers of the city to take their case, and to see if damages could not be collected in court against the brewery, whose employee was so obviously at fault.

The attorney was one of those sincere, earnest Christians, who cannot hear a call for help without responding.

He took the suit against the brewery, and marshaled his best legal thought and judgment in the matter.

Finally the case came to trial, but in his heart he felt that it was a losing issue, unless something unforeseen came to his aid.

The power of the breweries had permeated almost every part of the city, and he sensed, rather than knew, when he faced the jury, that the lawyer for the defense had made certain beforehand of the verdict.

But he wasn't the kind of a man to give up without the most gallant struggle.

He believed in going down with his ship.

And so he presented his evidence and his witnesses and made his most impassioned pleas, fought his opponents at every possible legal opening which they left him.

He was doing his best, but that sixth sense of all true lawyers told him that he was making no headway, that he was laboring in vain.

When the case was adjourned for lunch, he approached the counsel for the breweries with the suggestion of a compromise.

"Why not settle the case now for a nominal sum?" he asked. "Suppose I could persuade my client to accept four hundred dollars? Would you be willing to concede to that offer?"

The lawyer for the breweries gave him a look of contempt.

"Four hundred dollars!" he snorted. "Not a dollar! Why should we compromise when we have the case won as it stands?"

And he stalked out to luncheon, leaving the opposing counsel staring at his notes, and wondering if the other's statement was, indeed, correct.

The afternoon session was called, and the moment at last arrived for the summing up of the prosecution.

The attorney for the parents of the Italian child took his position, and faced the jury, for his last effort, realizing, as he confronted the rows of bored-looking men that they had probably already made up their minds against him.

Nevertheless, he allowed none of his inward doubt and trepidation to show in his words, or manner, as he launched into one of the most vivid speeches he had ever delivered on behalf of a client.

But it wasn't producing results.

He knew that, in spite of his efforts to throw his whole soul into the words that poured from his lips.

It was at this point that an inspiration seized him, as brilliant as a flash of lightning from a clear summer sky.

He stopped short in his eloquent sentences, glanced down as though about to resume his chair, and then, suddenly, began to hum the tune of "De Brewer's Big Hosses Can't Run Over Me."

The jurymen heard the tune, and sat suddenly erect.

Without further preamble, the lawyer raised his voice in the words of the song.

He knew that it was known to every section of the city, that it had left its imprint in hundreds of homes, and with the vision of the sudden inspiration that had come to him, he faced the jury, and sang the words through to the end.

Almost insensibly the atmosphere of the court room changed.

Almost insensibly the bored look faded from the faces of the jurors.

Almost insensibly the nodding spectators straightened in their chairs.

The lawyer for the breweries, who was already beginning to put his papers and documents away, began to glare across at his opponent, and to try to catch the eye of the presiding judge, but that gentleman had also been caught by the spirit and the lilt of the music, and, to his horror and amazement, the highly paid counsel for the brewery interests saw that the judge was actually keeping time with his gavel on the judicial bench.

The lawyer for the plaintiffs ended his song, and sat down with a smile.

He knew enough to stop at the physchological moment.

The judge dismissed the jury, and its members filed out of the court room, several of them humming the words of the song under their breaths as they retired.

A half an hour later the foreman reported that their verdict was ready.

"We award sixteen hundred dollars for the plaintiff!" he announced, and a cheer, which

could not be repressed, broke over the court room.

The counsel for the liquor interests thrust his hat on his head, and shoved his papers into his brief case. He had nothing to say.

He had been beaten by a song.

The case, for which he had refused a few hours before to compromise for a paltry sum had gone against him, in spite of his conviction that he was thoroughly assured of the result.

"De Brewer's Big Hosses" had worsted the liquor interests once more.

Few of us appreciate the psychology of music. But there is more than psychology in the great gospel hymns.

There is the appeal of the soul, struggling to find the light which it has been denied, struggling to find the haven which a turbulent life has kept farther and farther in the distance.

God touches the hearts of men in a variety of ways. But there is no method so direct or so certain as that of music.

We say that music has the power to soothe the savage beasts. It also has the power to woo and win the forces of sin, which are far more devouring in their effects than the beasts of the jungle.

It is not a matter of sentiment. It is a matter of salvation.

It is food for the hungry heart, crying out for that which the world cannot supply, which can only be received from God.

It is unfair to say that music awakens only the sentiment of men. It calls into being the best and the noblest traits with them.

It is music that leads the soldiers on the battlefield to the last charge against desperate odds. It is music which leads the soldiers of peace, on the battlefields of God, to the charge on the ramparts of the devil, where everything seems against them, and where victory seems impossible.

I have in mind, in closing this bird's eye glimpse of the results that have crowned the singing of "De Brewer's Big Hosses," a story that has been told to me of the victory which one man, alone, and single-handed, has obtained, through the help of God, over the demon, Alcohol, when even his wife had given him up for lost, and considered him as worse than dead to her.

He was a newspaper reporter in a Pennsylvania city, and, in his sober moments, acknowledged to be one of the brightest men in the community.

His power of description, and his keen, incisive analysis of current events always obtained him a position on one of the local papers even when it was known that he had been discharged from a competitor because of drunkenness.

When the craze for drink seized him, he forgot everything else.

He was its blinded slave, content only to satisfy the sudden thirst that had come upon him, and utterly reckless of how it was accomplished.

Friends sent him to various sanitariums and institutions that advertised a "sure cure" for the drink habit, but all to no purpose.

There is only one "sure cure" for the drink habit—the grace of God.

Drugs may dull the senses, and blunt the appetite for the time being, but only the saving help of God can make the victim immune from the temptation when it comes upon him.

The reporter tried conscientiously to make good.

He truly loved his wife. He was truly grateful to his friends. He truly realized the opportunities for his God-given talent of writing, which he was deliberately throwing away.

And often for weeks at a time he succeeded

in conquering the appetite that was always gnawing at his heart.

But, always, a more than usual temptation would sweep down upon him, before which he seemed as powerless as a chip in Niagara.

Before the smell of liquor he was as helpless as a slave in chains.

Finally, on one more than usually protracted "spree," during which he was absent from home and friends for ten days, his child was taken with a violent attack of diphtheria, and died in the night.

When he was sobered enough to return home, it was to receive the first news of the tragedy, that had come in his absence.

His wife met him at the door with a white, set face. She was through.

"I have tried for ten years," she said, in a hard, dull voice. "It is useless for me to try longer. I have given you my life, my youth, my happiness. They have meant nothing to you. It is not fair to ask me to stay with you longer."

And she left him to the misery of his little, darkened home.

He staggered back to the newspaper office and the publisher met him with a stern face.

"You are done with us," he said. "You

are a brilliant man, and you have given us excellent service in your sober days.

"But we can't afford to have a man on our pay roll that may fail us at a critical moment. I'm sorry, but there is no use to argue the question."

And the poor fellow received the balance due him at the cashier's window, and lurched out into the street, feeling that the world had suddenly come to an end for him.

But even the awful catastrophe that had fallen on him, was not sufficient to make him brace up, and fight against the tide that was wrecking his life.

He spent the few bills in his pockets at the first saloon, and for days lay in a semi-stupor in a shack on the edge of town.

For weeks he hung about the railroad yards, where the men he had known and befriended as a reporter, gave him enough to keep him from actual starvation.

But they regarded him as a hopeless derelict, whose only salvation would be in death.

They gave him money as they would give to the victim of an incurable disease.

He was a likable fellow, who made friends easily, and his ability was undoubted.

But he was like a man marked by the lep-

rosy. He was the horrible example of the community, whom men could only pity.

It was about this time that Mr. Sunday opened a campaign there.

The publisher of the newspaper, where the reporter had been employed, was an unusual type of Christian, a man who tried to conduct his paper as he felt Jesus would do, were He alive, and at the editorial desk.

This may seem incredible, but it's a fact. He kept himself poor because of his personal donations to charity and deserving victims of misfortune.

And he was always losing splendid business contracts because of his insistence on championing the cause of right, as he saw it.

An opened Bible on his editorial desk could be seen whenever a visitor happened to enter his office unexpectedly, and it was plain that the Bible was not there for show.

The publisher made diligent use of it. Of course, it was impossible for him always to measure up to all of his ideals. There are limits to human efforts and a wholesale reform of society might mean a wreckage and ruin.

But he tried as sincerely and conscientiously as was in his limited power to conduct his

newspaper and his own life as he felt the Great Master would have him do, were He always by his side.

When the Billy Sunday campaign was announced, the publisher had a sudden inspiration, and sent for the discharged reporter.

The man was ushered into his private office, a pitiable object, with ragged clothes, and a face that had not seen a razor for days.

Without a word, the publisher gave him a bill, and told him to get himself cleaned up, and then report to him for instructions.

The newspaper man obeyed instructions, and, late in the afternoon came back, in a new suit, with a shave, and a hair cut, but with his hands trembling, for he had not had a drink for hours.

"I want you to report the Sunday meetings for this paper," said the publisher. "We are going to give them all the space they want. While Mr. Sunday is here, this newspaper belongs to him. I want you to do your best."

The reporter said nothing, but after a moment staggered from the office.

The publisher turned back to his work. He was trying a desperate experiment from his viewpoint. It was his hope that the man might be touched by the grace of God at the

meetings, and so influenced as to seize the only life line that could be flung to him now.

For a week there was no apparent result.

The reporter kept sober, and contributed some of the most brilliant accounts of our meetings that have ever been written.

Then one night we missed him from the newspaper table.

His place was taken by another man, for the publisher, knowing that the man might go down under his temptation at any moment, had provided a substitute for such an emergency.

On the third night the reporter reappeared, showing plainly by his pale face and shaking hands the reason for his absence.

It was on this evening that we sang for the first time the song, "De Brewer's Big Hosses Can't Run Over Me."

It was received with more than usual applause, and in the report of the service the reporter seized upon the song, and made much of it.

Two nights later it was sung again, by special request, and, when at the close of the meeting the invitation was given, the reporter surprised his associates by climbing down from the press table, and taking his place in the sawdust trail.

When he took Mr. Sunday's hand, there was a desperate gleam of earnestness in his eyes, but he said nothing.

He returned to his office, and wrote his account of the service, as though nothing had happened in his own life, but there was a new note in his article, which had never been there before, a sense of conviction that struck all who read it.

From that time on he was constant in his attendance at the press stands, but he was more silent and taciturn even than before.

He had nothing to say beyond a curt word of thanks to those who congratulated him on the stand he had taken.

The publisher, who had engineered the experiment, said nothing.

He was wise enough to know that nothing but the voice of God could have an effect in a life as far gone as this one.

And so the meetings drew gradually to a close.

The change in the newspaper man was now obvious. His shaking hand was gone. His blood-shot eyes had disappeared. The pallor in his face was slowly giving way before the normal flush of health.

And his articles were proving to be some of

the most inspiring that had ever been written of our campaigns.

It was plain that he had found something which he had missed before—that a power had come into his life which was holding him to soberness, where drugs had failed completely.

Local physicians, who had attended him at various periods, regarded him with amazement, and some of them said that it was only an overly excited product of the emotions.

But he remained sober. There could be no doubting that fact.

Would the effect continue? From time to time we heard from the city, and occasionally the publisher sent us a word of the conditions which had followed our meetings, but nothing was said of the reporter.

It was only a short time ago, through a friend, that I heard of the sequel of the story.

The newspaper man's conversion, strange as it may seem, from a medical diagnosis, had been permanent.

His appetite for liquor had disappeared as though an unseen power had wiped it from his life.

It developed that once he had told his story to the publisher, who had undertaken the experiment of his reformation.

The crowning impulse in his stand for Christ had come through the singing of "De Brewer's Big Hosses."

The song had suggested the question, which he had often asked himself before, Why should the power of the breweries wreck my life, and those of my loved ones?

Why haven't I the power and the manhood to fight such a force for evil?

Why should I stand by, and let the Big Hosses of the Brewers run over me, and my wife, and my home, and reduce me to a condition of pauperism and beggary, and charity?

Am I not a man? Has not God given me the knowledge of right and wrong—and the power to demonstrate that knowledge in my own life?

Why then should I let any men, or any organization of men send me to the devil?

Why should I admit that the big horses of the brewers can hurl me to the ground, and batter out my hope of peace in this world—and the next?

Surely, there must be something I can do to defend myself?

Surely there must be something that will come to my rescue when I haven't the power to fight on in the face of temptation?

It was these questions that led him to fling his whole problem on the all-protecting arms of God, which led him from the reporters' table to the saw-dust trail, where before those men, who had known him in the days of his sin, he made a public profession to the great God, who will show erring men the way to the Cross.

De Brewer's Big Hosses had won again!

They will always win if the message of the song is allowed to sink deeply enough.

They will always win if a conviction of the evil they are doing can be established in those lives, which they have mangled beneath their heavy feet.

They will always win if their victims can be given breathing space enough to see the great gulf between God and the devil—the gulf between the cupidity and the greed of the brewers, that thrive on wrecked lives, and the all-saving grace of God, that seeks only the lost, and seeks only to point the way of salvation to men, who have abandoned all hope in this life, and that to come.

Oh, I'll harness dem hosses to de temp'rance cart,
Hit 'em wid a gad to gib 'em a start;
I'll teach 'em how for to haw and gee,
For dem big hosses can't run over me!

. . . . . .

# Molly and the Baby, Don't You Know.



H. S. Taylor. J. B Herbert.

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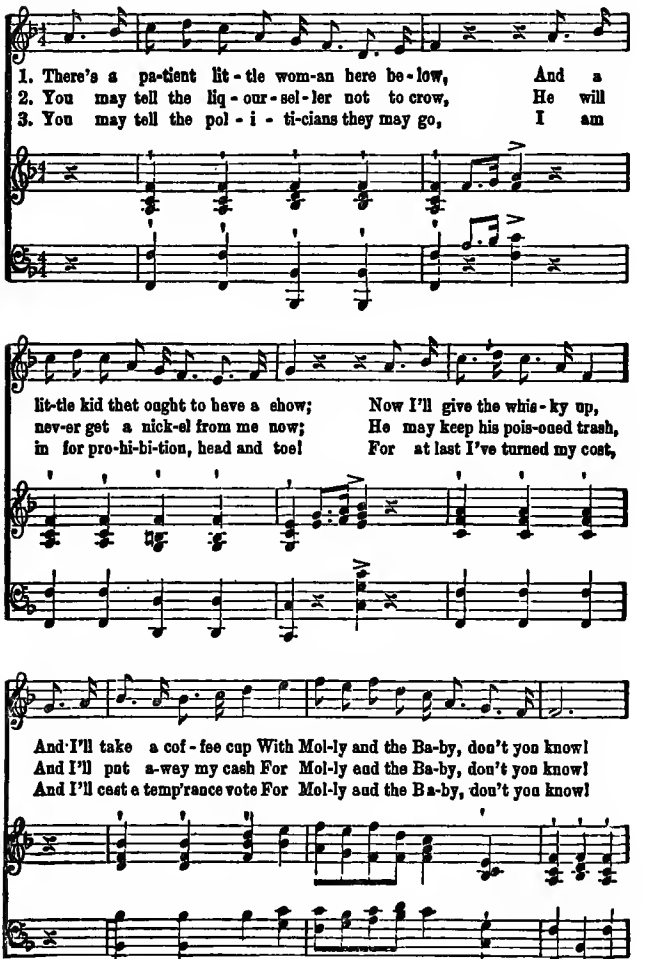
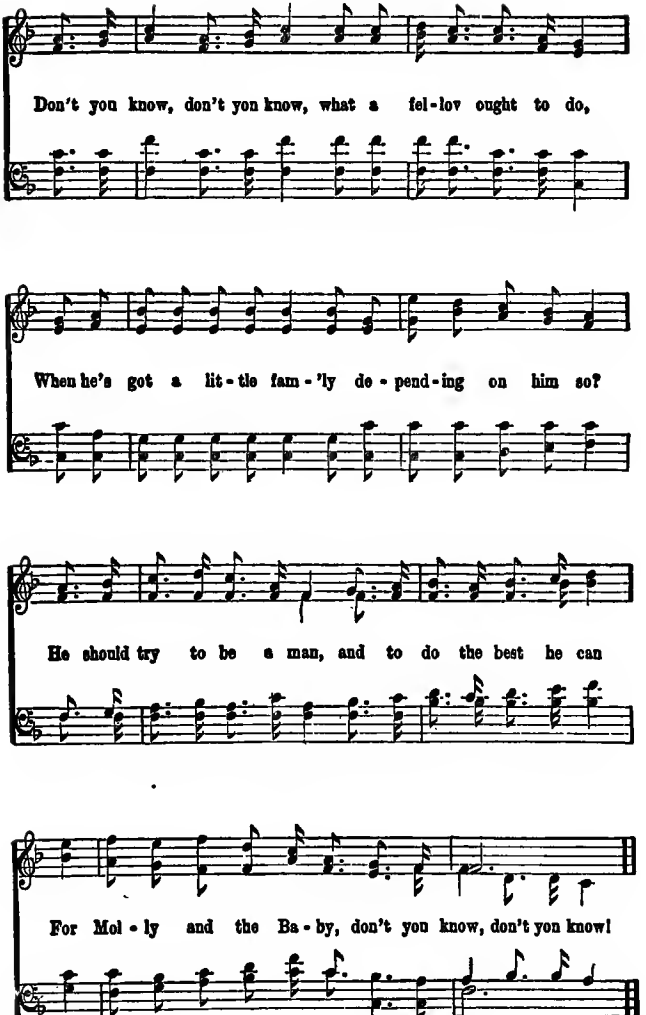


## Molly and the Baby.



# V

## MOLLY AND THE BABY

There's a patient little woman here below,
And a little kid that ought to have a show;
Now I'll give the whiskey up
And I'll take a coffee cup
With Mollie and the Baby, don't you know!

The most interesting and unusual types of persons with whom we have come in contact, in our work, are victims of drink.

The kind of a man who becomes the slave of the drink habit is nearly always temperamental and highly emotional. For that reason, he is often dramatic in his conversation, and surprisingly sudden in yielding to the influence of music.

Sometimes, it takes a long time for a conviction of sin to fall upon him, but the drunkard is often pathetically conscious of his state. And although drink does, undoubtedly, destroy much of the finer feelings, it does not harden the heart. The workers who have dealt with our converts can testify to the agony of

penitence which is so common among those whose lives have been ruined by alcohol.

Many in New York will remember "the Professor" as he came to be called.

Unbelievably dirty and ragged as he was, when he first became a conspicuous figure at the Billy Sunday meetings, there was yet about him the faint reflection of education and culture. His speech too, although blurred and indistinct, had the delicate and elusive modulations, which spell refinement and scholarship.

Night after night, his tall, gaunt figure would come staggering in, only to slump down in a seat; and soon he would be either asleep or in an unconscious condition, swaying about, his eyes half closed, his face pale, a point to which many eyes wandered in distress and pity.

Some of the workers tried to talk to him, but his replies seemed to indicate that he was not able to understand what they said. But all the time, God's grace was working in his heart, and talking to his brain, although the poor fellow seemed more intoxicated on every night.

At last, when we had grown accustomed to seeing him get up and stumble out toward the close of the meetings, he came down the aisle with hundreds of others. That night, however, he was worse than ever. If those around him

had not helped him, he would never have reached our platform. As it was, he had no more than done so, when he fell flat upon his face in the sawdust.

It was so hopeless to expect him to remember what he had done that we supposed his conversion would not last out the night. But we saw that he had shelter, anyway. The next day he was still frightfully intoxicated, but in moments of consciousness he reiterated the one statement he had made the night before: "I am through—at last!"

The kind persons who took him in saw that he had a bath, and clean clothes and sustaining food. Two days afterward he came to the meeting, shaking like a man with a chill, for the alcohol was draining out of him, but he was clear eyed and resolute.

Then we saw that he really had a fighting chance for salvation, although whether his frail body would outlive the period of physical reconstruction was a question.

That night, after the meeting, sitting between me and a sweet faced woman whom we called (behind her back) "The Angel," the Professor told us his story.

Fifteen years before he had been the head of a department in a well known New Jersey col-

lege. He had been a member of some of the exclusive New York clubs. He had been welcomed and received in the most select circles. Of course, he did not say so, but we could see, as he talked, that he must have been exceptionally brilliant and charming.

His college work was very exacting, and he was often fagged and weary. He formed the habit of drinking brandy or whiskey late at night, as he sat alone, striving to keep up with the demands of his office.

Pretty soon it was so that he could not work without stimulants. Then, one day, to his horror, he awoke at noon on the floor of his study, with an empty whiskey bottle to tell him that he must have been lying there, intoxicated, for hours. He had missed his morning lecture.

This frightened him, and he tried to leave drink alone entirely, only to discover that he was a hopeless victim of the habit.

Secretly terrified, he struggled, but if he succeeded in not drinking anything for a week, he ended by spending Sunday in a condition of abject intoxication.

It was not long before the college became aware of his weakness. In six weeks he was asked to resign his professorship.

Disgraced, humiliated, without means of

livelihood, he sank with startling swiftness. Trembling, but clear and lucid in mind, the poor fellow outlined to us his downward plunge. The Angel's compassionate heart was wrung by the story. She put her hand on his shoulder to steady him as he told us of his conversion.

He had no recollection, whatever, of how he had happened to be in the vicinity of the tabernacle. He had long since ceased to have a place to sleep or regular food. He must have followed the crowd. At any rate, the first definite fact he remembered was that a song was being sung. It was this:

There's a patient little woman here below,
And a little kid that ought to have a show;
Now I'll give the whiskey up,
And I'll take a coffee cup
With Molly and the Baby, don't you know!

You may tell the liquor-seller not to crow,
He will never get a nickel from me now;
He may keep his poisoned trash,
And I'll put away my cash,
For Molly and the Baby, don't you know!

You may tell the politicians they may go,
I am in for prohibition, head and toe!
For at last I've turned my coat,
And I'll cast a temp'rance vote,
For Molly and the Baby, don't you know!

The song brought home to his dazed mind all that he had lost. There was no Mollie waiting for him. No little children would ever climb his knee. No forgiving kiss would ever fall on his lips. He had forfeited his man's birthright. There was nothing to call to him. Behind him, years ago, lay the associations of his college days and his professorship. In the fifteen years since that time he had known only outcasts like himself. Never, he said, would there be a sweet, pure woman to bless him with her love.

And out of all that suffering, which went on in his heart from day to day, while he wandered the streets, and begged for the few cents which would buy him a drink and a morsel of food, there gradually arose the determination to forsake that which had dragged him down. But he was not certain that he could do so. He knew, better than any one could tell him, how his body, soaked with the poison, would make him suffer if he tried to eliminate it.

That night when he had "hit the trail," we had sung the song of Mollie again. (A fact which I had forgotten.) And although he was more intoxicated, even, than usual, the processes of his mind were astonishingly clear. He had known perfectly what he was doing al-

though he had been utterly unable to say more than the one sentence, "I am through—at last."

The Angel spoke to him words of such inspired cheer and power that the others slipped away, leaving them together.

We understood that the Angel obtained the Professor some light clerical work. In a week he had so changed in appearance, and was so happy and so eager to re-establish himself that even those who did not know his story turned and looked after him, for it almost seemed as though a radiance shone from his face.

He was a handsome man, when his beard was trimmed and his hair cut; gradually his rejuvenation went on. He bought some clothes which fitted him. His hands grew steady, and his speech took on the clipped incisiveness of the man who knows what he is talking about.

Those by whom he was employed discovered that they could entrust him with much more exacting work, paying well. Incredible as it may seem, before long he was again earning a good salary.

A few weeks after the close of the New York campaign, he wrote to a friend as follows:—

"I know you will rejoice with me when I tell you that the lady, who was so appropriately

nicknamed the Angel at your meetings has consented to become my wife. It hardly seems possible that that terrible vision of loneliness, homelessness and lovelessness which your song, Mollie and the Baby, put before me,—that vision which drove me crying, to the feet of Christ, is to be dispelled by a home and a dear wife of my own. Think of it! She is willing to trust me. She is willing to believe in me. I can hardly believe my good fortune. Day and night I thank God who has brought me out of my sin.

"We are to have a little home, and Mollie—and, perhaps, if God wills, the babies, will be mine. Need I say the song I like to hear best from the Angel? Yours, in Christ,

"THE PROFESSOR."

It is a strange fact that men are sometimes converted while so intoxicated that they cannot speak a coherent word. In Philadelphia a man stumbled down the trail, one night, in such a condition that he fell against those around him. That night, too, we had sung "Molly and the Baby." We have grown accustomed to seeing one or two drunken men on the trail whenever we sing that selection, for it has a peculiar searching appeal for them.

This man, while apparently so intoxicated, was able to tell the workers who approached him, his story.

A year before he had had a home, and a wife, Mollie, and two beautiful children. He was a mining engineer, and his business called him away from his home at that time. He met a wild crowd of men, and began to drink, a habit he had never known before.

He lost his position with the firm of constructors who had hired him, and secured another, not so good, which took him further away from his home. He lost that also in a month, and then he could not get anything, at all, to do.

At first, he had written to his wife, but as he sunk lower and lower, and had drifted from town to town, his letters stopped. It had been six months, now, since he had written at all.

The last he had heard from her, one of the children was ill, and she had frantically begged him to come home. But the grip of alcohol was so complete that even this appeal made no effect.

He had wandered far. The little town where his Molly waited for him was a thousand miles away. A collection was taken up for him and he was sent to a boarding house, where

he would be looked after and then a telegram was dispatched in his name to his wife.

The answer came back, collect: "Come home. May died three months ago. No money. Am desperate."

A purse was made up and telegraphed to the woman, whom the workers kept on calling "Mollie," although they now knew her right name, and then they set to work to help her husband.

It was two weeks before they could get him on his feet, for he was terribly exhausted.

It is hard to conceive such a passion of gratitude as he poured out in prayer, just before he left for his home. And when, kneeling around him, with the workers who had interested themselves in him, he burst into sobs, which told, better than words, of his contrite heart.

His wife wrote the workers on his arrival. She was a tenderly nurtured and educated woman, it appeared, but she had been unable to get any proper work to do, when she had been thrown on her own resources, and she had been obliged to do ironing in a laundry in order to keep food in the mouth of her remaining child and herself.

She was convinced that her husband would never have been returned to her, if it had not

been for the song which touched his heart, and showed him his vision of God. He told her that he had been so despairing of himself and of hope for the future that he had grimly determined to put her and his children out of his recollection, and had deliberately tried to end his own wretched life in as short a time as possible, by drink. Judging by the condition in which we had first seen him, he had almost succeeded.

The number of men who wander away from wives, children and homes, through the influence of drink, must be amazingly large. In every city where we have had a campaign, the singing of "Molly and the Baby" brings at least one of these poor wanderers to repentance, and I happen to know that in most cases it is lasting.

In Pittsburgh, one night, a trio of shabby, unshaven men came down the trail together, as we were singing that song. But they were entire strangers to each other. After the workers had interviewed them, they began to exchange confidences.

"It was the song that did it for me," one said. "There is a little woman in a village down south waiting for me, if she is still alive.

I have done my best to forget her, but as the song was sung, I could see her again, before my very eyes, it seemed to me."

"Same here," said another. "My wife is way up in Vermont. My two boys, too. I'm going home to them if I have to walk the ties."

The third man, who had been trying to control himself, broke down at this point and burst into a torrent of the most heartrending sobs. The workers quieted him as well as they could, and prayed with him, and finally he told his story, one of the saddest narratives of the campaign.

*This* Molly was dead. She and her baby had been buried, only the week before, in the same grave.

He had been a photographer, with a splendid business, when he first began to drink. He was "a good fellow" with many friends, and although he was newly married, he began to spend more and more of his evenings in saloons with his chums.

His business suffered first. His young wife, of a timid, sensitive nature, remonstrated with him gently. He answered that she had no right to dictate to him as to his conduct. Crushed and broken she said nothing more.

He knew, in his heart, that she was right, but the devil of perversity made him go all the faster in the road of destruction.

One night in a fit of intoxication, he had struck her. In the morning, she went to her mother. He would always remember her little sobs as she packed her little bag, but at the time he laughed at them.

Shortly afterward he sold out his business and obtained a position as an assistant camera man with a motion picture firm in another city. Contrary to his expectations the rules of conduct in his new field were most severe. The first day he appeared for work with liquor on his breath, he was discharged.

He never wrote to his wife. He worked, occasionally, long enough for money for liquor, wandering from one place to another, and sinking lower and lower in the scale, until he was actually reduced to beggary.

On the day of his conversion he had happened to see our Tabernacle, and drawn solely by curiosity, he had followed the crowd.

The service awakened the memories of his other life, memories that he had told himself were dead, and then the call of God found its way into his heart. He sobbed out his penitence at the Cross, determined to sober himself,

find work, and to write the good news to his Molly. Then, as he came out of the meeting, in an afternoon newspaper which some one had thrown away, he saw a column of items of correspondence from his home town.

Trembling, he pulled the newspaper from his ragged coat, and showed it to us. Among the items was a paragraph which read:—

"Our townspeople will learn with the deepest regret of the death of Mrs. —— and her week old infant, which occurred at the home of her mother, in Ohio, three days ago. She was one of our most popular girls, and her untimely death will cause sorrow in many circles."

No one could have listened, dry eyed, to the poor fellow's burst of grief.

He had come back,—too late.

There was nothing to do but pray for him. The workers knelt together about him and those other two wanderers, and prayed that God would help the stricken sinner to endure his sorrow.

They hear from him once in a while. He is a mission worker, now, giving all his time, and strength to the helping of others. Those who work with him say that his singing of "Molly and the Baby," and the story of his own life (which he never can tell without tears) form

the most appealing temperance sermon to which they ever listened.

The hardest drinkers to reach, and touch, we have found, are those who still manage to preserve their appearance of respectability, in spite of their habit.

In one city, where we conducted a campaign, a well dressed, prosperous looking man attracted our attention, as we looked over the audience.

We could see that his face reflected trouble or grief of some kind. But it never occurred to us that he might be a spasmodic drunkard until one night, when, by request, we sang "Molly and the Baby."

He was seated near the front, and we could see his face distinctly. He shivered, it seemed to us, as we began to sing, and as verse after verse was ended, his head sank lower and lower on his breast.

We all felt strangely attracted to him, and to the problem which his agitation presented. Later on in the service we were asked to repeat the song. This time, there was no doubting the effect which it had on him. His head fell to his hands, and his shoulders shook. By the glances of those who sat near him we judged that he must be sobbing. When the

call for trail hitters was given, he was the first to respond.

His story was an unusual one, and he gave it freely, in an intelligent, cultured voice.

He was a physician. And he had married, we judged, an exceedingly fine woman. They had several children, many friends, and were most happy, until the doctor began frequenting a club, where heavy drinking was the custom.

A number of his wealthy patients were members, and at first he excused himself for his indulgence, on the basis of "good business."

His wife, a keen eyed, sincere Christian, saw the danger, at once, and tried to avert it. She begged and prayed, but her husband went his way. At first, nothing unusual happened, but gradually those wealthy patients, with whom he had first learned to drink, began to give their patronage to other physicians, and they were always men who were known not to touch liquor in any form. In a crisis they preferred a doctor whose brain was not dulled by whiskey.

His wife pointed these facts out to him, but by this time he was too far in the clutches of alcohol to heed her warning.

He still had a practice, but it was steadily

dwindling. He managed to keep from alcohol during the day, but after dinner he drank half the night. When his wife saw that the situation was apparently hopeless, she had gone to live in a little country cottage, which she owned, taking her children with her. The estrangement between them was unknown to most of their friends, but was none the less acute.

"It was only tonight," the doctor said, "as you sang, that I realized how everything worth while was slipping away from me. I saw that my wife and my children and my home were going; that I was losing my practice; that I was losing my skill; and that in a few months more my hand would be so uncertain that I would no longer dare to attempt an operation. And more than all else I saw that I was losing God.

" 'Molly and the Baby' " he said, with misty eyes, "brought me back to the Cross. It pierced through my conceit and self-sufficiency. I saw what my wife must have suffered. I saw why she took the children away from my influence. I saw that the very fact of her love for me had made her remove herself from an atmosphere, which I had polluted. I am going to her tonight, Mr. Rodeheaver," he

ended. "I shall take the midnight train to that quiet little village where she lives, and I shall kneel beside the bed of our children and pledge myself never again to touch a drop of liquor. And with God's help, I shall keep that pledge."

Molly and the Babies would welcome him home, we knew, with open arms. We heard later of how they did so, in a letter that the doctor wrote.

Late at night, after his wife was in bed, he arrived at the sleepy little station.

He walked down the village street, and knocked at the door of the little house, with its vines, and flowers, and garden.

He wrote that he would never forget how the moon shone down, and showed him how his wife and children had been occupying themselves at home while he was drinking himself to ruin in the city. Everywhere were evidences of their loving, thrifty care. There were chicken coops in the back garden; rows of peas and poles of beans; flowers, and a pigeon loft on the roof of the old barn.

When his wife opened the door that sixth sense, which women possess, told her, before a word was spoken, what had happened. She fell, sobbing, into his arms.

Together they knelt beside the beds in which their children lay. Together, they prayed for strength to resist his temptation. Together, they clasped hands and pledged themselves to the fight.

He is now fast becoming one of the best surgeons of the city. His wife and children love him dearly, and are intensely proud of him. And his patients, even those from whom he first learned to use intoxicants, are again on his books.

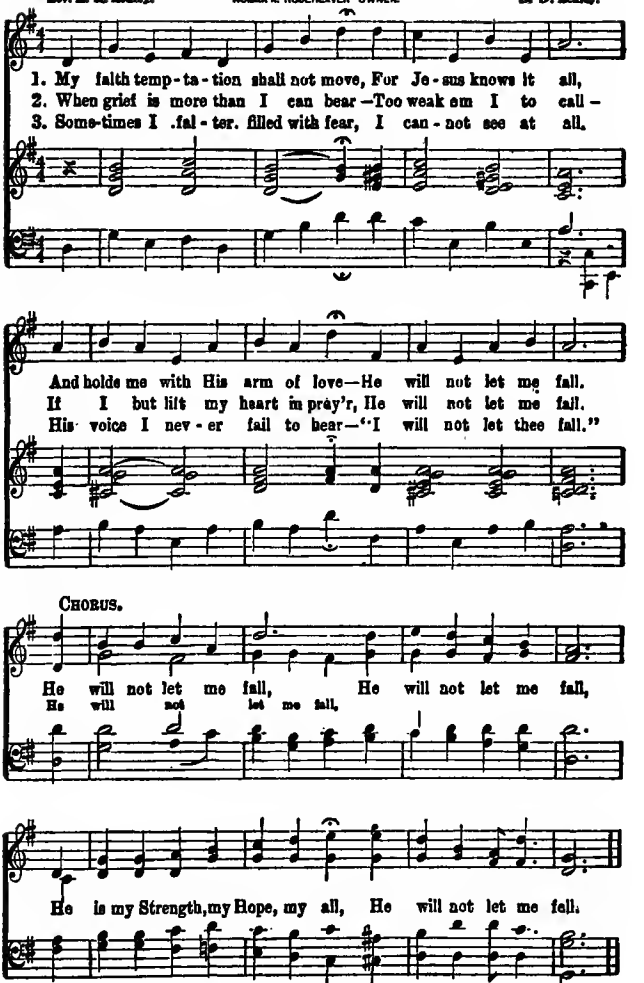
"Molly and the Baby," had helped another man to victory—and to God.

You may tell the politicians they may go,
I am in for prohibition, head and toe!
For at last I've turned my coat
And I'll cast a temperance vote
For Molly and the Baby, don't you know.

# He Will Not Let Me Fall.



Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.



# VI

## HE WILL NOT LET ME FALL

The number and variety of the stories which have come to us of temptation, overcome through the message of our songs, would astonish those who have not had an opportunity for intimate, personal work for the Kingdom.

It is literally true that certain of the great gospel songs not only have sung their way around the world, but have sung their way into every class of society and every type of men and women, from the millionaire to the derelict.

I have in mind in this connection a song that has had a peculiar effect in winning to Christ converts, who had been caught in the meshes of a great temptation, and who were hesitating before the last fatal plunge.

This is the song, "Jesus Will Not Let Me Fall," with its inspired words of hope and inspiration, and its soft, winning music, wonderfully calculated to appeal to those hearts struggling in the sea of doubt and trial.

Let me give you the words of the song before

I tell you something of the instances of soul-saving and reformation, accomplished through them.

My faith temptation shall not move,
For Jesus knows it all,
And holds me with His arms of love—
He will not let me fall.

When grief is more than I can bear—
Too weak am I to call—
If I but lift my heart in pray'r,
He will not let me fall.

Sometimes I falter, filled with fear,
I can not see at all,
His voice I never fail to hear—
"I will not let thee fall."

He will not let me fall,
He will not let me fall,
He is my Strength, my Hope, my all,
He will not let me fall.

How wonderfully true is the message of this song.

How suggestive of an all-saving, all-powerful friend in those great moments of stress and temptation when life seems utterly black and desolate, and we seem so helpless and inadequate to save ourselves!

He will not let you fall! The words mean just what they say.

Never has Jesus allowed His protecting arms to slip when once they close about the truly repentant sinner, honestly seeking the way of salvation.

He is the one friend who never fails—the one Savior, who has the power and the will and the love to scatter our clouds in an instant of time.

And how few of us really know him! How few of us have ever had a real, personal, intimate experience of His love and power!

At the close of one of our meetings in a large eastern city, a haggard young man, whose face bore the tell-tale marks of growing dissipation, approached one of our workers.

He had been one of the crowd who had taken a public stand for a new life and a new vision, and it was evident that his experience had touched him very deeply.

His voice was husky and his eyes moist as he took the hand of the worker, and said tremulously,

"You will never know what that song has done for me. You will never know of the crowning sin from which it has saved me."

He hesitated.

"If I had not come to the service tonight, before twelve o'clock tonight I would have been a thief in the eyes of the law."

The worker saw that the young man was suffering from a desperate agitation, and tried to calm him. After a while, the other was able to continue his narrative.

He was a young man of a good family, living in a small town upstate, from which he had come to the city, where, through the influence of friends, he had secured a position in a bank.

All would have gone well had he not met several young men, who prided themselves on their experience and knowledge of the night life of the city, and under whose guidance he learned to drink, and then to gamble.

The fever of the cards seized hold on him, and gradually he saw all of his former ideals slipping away from him, and was forgetting completely those habits of strict church attendance, in which he had been reared at home.

Then the luck at the gambling tables began to go against him.

He found himself losing more and more until finally he was facing the awful fact that unless he could raise money at once, in excess of his salary, he would be exposed to his employers, and lose his position.

At this moment of his great temptation, the combination of one of the bank vaults was accidentally left on his desk, by the mistake of his immediate superior.

It was one of the old-fashioned banks, where the office staff was more of a congenial family than a business organization, and whose clients had come down through two generations.

There was no difficulty in his extracting a package of bills from the vault when he was sent into that section of the bank at closing hours on a trivial errand, and his theft was so small that he knew it would probably be set down to an error or bookkeeping, or if not, that there was practically no chance that any direct charge could fall on him.

With the stolen bills in his pocket, he had paced the streets for hours.

The man, to whom he owed the gambling debt had given him until midnight to pay—or suffer exposure.

While he was feverishly debating whether or not to meet him, for even then the horror of what he had done had begun to seize him, his steps had taken him past the Sunday Tabernacle.

The music pouring out through the doors,

and the bright lights had attracted his tired steps and worn-out mind.

He dropped into a back seat, almost unconscious of what he was doing.

It was not until the song, "He Will Not Let Me Fall" began to roll out over the great audience that the real meaning and import of its words began to enter his heart.

He straightened suddenly in his seat and listened with rapt atttention until the song was finished. Through the darkness of his temptation and doubt a great light of hope was suddenly flashing before him.

There was a promise in that song—a sacred promise. With a surge all the memories of his boyhood days flooded back to him, and with them the patient faith of his mother, whose vision of God had never been dimmed.

He saw with a terrifying clearness what he had done, and what he was about to do. Because of his weakness he was drifting into deliberate sin.

When the invitation was given he was one of the first and the most determined to come forward. His decision was taken.

His mind was made up. He would restore the money in his pocket the first thing the next

day, and tell his employer frankly the whole story, no matter what the consequences.

He was prepared for the worst, but fortunately the president of the bank was a Christian gentleman, who endeavored to put into practice in his day's work the teachings of Christ.

He heard the boy's story through without comment. Hardly had the young man finished when the gambler to whom he owed the money, sent in word that he wished an immediate interview.

The president motioned the young clerk to remain and when the man was shown into the room, turned on him with an anger that made him quail.

"I will pay you what you claim is owing to you," he finished, "and my young friend can repay it to me as a personal loan out of his salary.

"If I ever hear of his going near you again not only will I at once discharge him, but I will see that your case is taken without delay to the attention of the proper officers of the law."

The gambler slunk out of the room, and the young bank clerk returned to his desk, with the light of a new hope and a new resolution in his eyes.

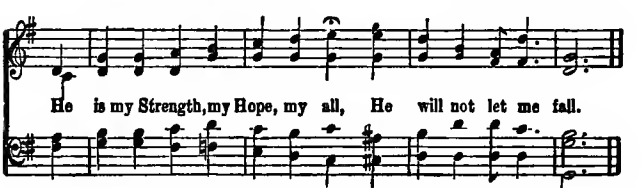
They were not emotions of the moment, either.

Today he is one of the most energetic and tireless Y. M. C. A. workers in his city, and in little more than a year has led through his personal efforts over a hundred young business men to the Christ, who proved to him to be such a wonderful friend in need.

Jesus will not let you fall! No, indeed!

If you feel yourself slipping, it is because of sin, and because of your own lack of faith—never because of God.

He never forgets the promises He has made to men through His only begotten Son.




There is another story from an entirely different environment, connected with this song, that I would like to tell you—a story of a different kind of temptation and a different kind of a victory.

This is a story told to one of our women workers. During one of our afternoon meetings an unusual spirit of sympathy and inspira-

tion seemed to pervade the audience, and at the close of the service, among the scores who took their stand for consecrated lives was a middle-aged, stylishly dressed woman, who was easily identified as one of the best known society ladies of the city.

Her stand was a distinct surprise, and something of a sensation; but it was evidently even more of a surprise to the woman, herself.

It was no spasmodic sentiment seeking a momentary expression.

It was an earnest, genuine vision of God, and it had thrust a sudden white glare into the hidden recesses of her soul, with some surprising results.

"It may seem strange," she said, "but that song, 'He Will Not Let Me Fall,' seemed almost a mirror, in which I saw for the first time my real life, and the selfishness and worldliness which I had always managed to hide from myself before.

"For the first time I realized that I had missed the Greatest Friend of All—and that I had done so, because in my worldly pride, I thought I hadn't needed Him.

"And so I had allowed myself to drift away into the pursuit of selfish social ambitions until I was at a point where nothing else mattered."

She hesitated.

"My husband died about a year ago, and on his death I found that unfortunate investment had reduced what I had always thought to be an assured fortune to practically nothing.

"In fact, I did not have enough to continue the expenses of our home without running into debt.

"But I could not bring myself to economize because my daughter had just been introduced to society, and I was afraid, if I let our friends know our real financial condition, it would injure her socially, and, and—so I have kept things going, hoping that my girl would make a rich marriage, which would solve our difficulties.

"A short time ago a man proposed to her, who stands among the wealthiest bachelors of the city, a man who is received into the most exclusive society, but whose personal life I know would not bear investigation.

"There were many ugly stories told of his various affairs and of his heartless conduct with different women, but when he asked for my girl as his wife I saw only the fact that his money would restore us to the position which we had always enjoyed, and would eliminate all of my troubles.

"So I encouraged my daughter to temporize with him, although I knew she did not love him, and we had about made up our minds to give him a favorable answer to his suit. I told myself it was the only way out for us—that without money or social prestige we could have no friends.

"It was not until I came to the meeting today and heard that song, 'He Will Not Let Me Fall,' that I saw in all of my doubt and worry I had missed the greatest help of all—that if I had taken my burden and trouble to Jesus, really sincere in the belief that he could and would save me—I would never have even considered sacrificing my daughter, for that is what I see now it amounted to.

"Her marriage to such a man, without love, would have been nothing less than a sin, which I, in my blindness and selfishness, was allowing her to commit in order that we could profit financially and socially."

So ended her story with a gesture of quiet determination.

"I am going home now to tell her that when the man calls tonight she is to refuse his proposals point-blank, and to tell her just what those refusals will cost her and me.

"We will have to give up our home and ser-

vants, and I don't know just what the future will have in store for us as a result, but of one thing I am sure, and that is I have the promise of Jesus that, no matter what comes, He will see me through—He will not let me fall!

"And I would rather have that blessed assurance than all of the worldly relief which we could get otherwise. I know that my daughter will share my views. In fact, I can see now the reproach with which she has regarded me more than once when I urged this suit to her."

She meant what she said, and she lost no time in putting her determination into execution.

The contemplated marriage was broken off, and mother and daughter moved into a humbler, cheaper home where they had to do their own work, and face the petty little economies of life.

But there was far greater happiness in store for them than either had dreamed.

Little more than a year later the daughter met and fell really in love with a promising young man, who, although poor, was sure of a high place in his profession, and I am confident that when the two were married, the mother, who blessed the union, did so with a clean heart, and a clear vision of God, and an

assurance of the future for herself and her child, which she could never have had in that other marriage.

He will not let me fall.
When grief is more than I can bear—
Too weak am I to call—
If I but lift my heart in pray'r,
He will not let me fall.

What a precious promise in those lines!

A young married couple, whose three-year-old daughter had suddenly been taken from them by death, furnished another striking example of the message of this song.

The child was one of the brightest and most winsome little ones in the neighborhood.

The little girl was a beautiful creature, with an aureole of golden curls about her merry face, and a disposition that earned for her the loving name of "Little Miss Sunshine."

Her parents fairly idolized her, and their devotion was a household word.

One night the mother was awakened by a croupy gurgle from the cot of their loved one.

In less than ten hours, in spite of the best medical aid they could secure, they saw their darling snatched from them in a convulsive death struggle.

The day before their home had been the abode of laughter and life and love. Now it was stricken by the shadow of death.

For weeks the young parents literally dragged their sad way about their daily duties, with a grief that was pitiful to see.

It was about this time that we opened a campaign in the community, and in the first days some of the neighbors persuaded the young couple to attend with them.

They came several times.

Neither had been active in Christian work. They had thought of joining a church, but had never done so, and the death of their child had turned their half-formed resolution now into a sullen bitterness.

It was not until our campaign was well under way that the Christian friends of the young couple, who had been watching eagerly for the first sign that their hearts had been touched, were rewarded.

One night we sang the song, "He Will Not Let Me Fall."

When we reached the second verse, those sitting nearest the young husband and wife suddenly saw the latter burst into sobs, and a moment later tears glistened in the eyes of the man at her side.

When the invitation was given they were among the first to take their stand, and their faces were streaked with tears.

But no longer were they tears of a hopeless anguish and grief.

There was a light in their moistened eyes like the radiance of a beautiful rainbow showing through the clouds of a storm.

For the first time they had glimpsed the wonderful promise of that Great Friend, whose love for us is so great and tender and enduring that it buries even those griefs of the flesh which come to us.

They had found the Crucified Jesus—and their dead child had shown them the way to the Cross.

The stories of this song could be multiplied indefinitely.

Experiences could be given of the results of its singing which embrace the whole gamut of human emotions, and every station of life—for there is no love like that of Jesus, there is no promise like that promise of Christ to stricken men and women, which has endured through the ages—there is no inspiration as satisfying and as all-embracing as the strength of His Helping Hand, and the comfort of His ever-present Spirit, and the guidance of His

never-dying Word for He has told us that in His Presence all those who are grief-stricken, and heavy-laden, and beset to the point of desperation may find rest and refuge.

He offers us the Haven of His love, always waiting for us.

Are there any who can refuse that wonderful invitation?

# Sweeter As the Years Go By.



Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me When I was lost in sin, Of won-drous
2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's pathway long a-go; The peo-ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss—To bear with-

grace that brought me Back to His fold a-gain, Of heights and depths of
thronged e-bout Him, His sav-ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-
out a mur-mur The an-guish of the cross. With saints re-deemed in

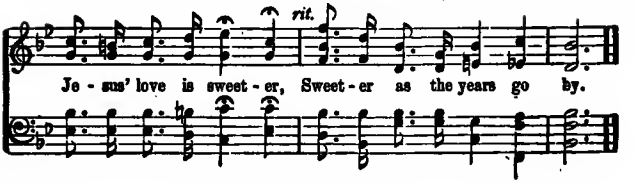
mer-cy Far deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heav-ens My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo-ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

CHORUS. M. 76 — ♩

theme shall ev-er be: Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
love for e-ven me.
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis

Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full-er, deep-er,
sweet-er as the years go by;

**Sweeter As the Years Go By.**



# VII

## SWEETER AS THE YEARS GO BY

Some one has said that it is love which makes the world go round.

How wonderfully true this statement is few persons realize, who have not to deal with the heart-aches and soul-bruises of humanity.

We see its applications emphasized in the so-called popular songs of the day, where the publishers, frankly commercial, call always for "sentiment," more sentiment, not knowing what it is, but alive to the fact that a song which can touch the heart strings is always sure of a big sale.

And the great mass of the public, fighting always for something above and beyond the day's work, are deceived by those advertised songs of sentiment, which, instead of being really inspirational, are only maudlin and mawkish.

There is no true, and sure, and enduring sentiment in the human breast that is not based

on something besides the world, and the things and creatures of the world.

I often think that there can be no really true and genuine love that does not contain, first of all, an overpowering love for, and a complete surrender to God.

I am not speaking from theories. I am speaking out of the depths of a wide and varied experience of human nature.

No song in all of our repertoire emphasizes better this higher and nobler appeal of love and sentiment than "Sweeter as the Years Go By."

It holds a message, which is certain to creep under the hardest heart, and into the most indifferent soul, if the right opportunity is given for the reception of its message.

Men and women are inherently good—not bad. They would rather have righteousness than sin.

They would rather grasp that which pulls them up than that which drags them down.

They would rather fix their eyes on the heights than on the depths.

I have in mind a story, which was told to one of our workers as the result of the singing of this song, by a well known woman in one of the cities where we were conducting a campaign—

a woman to whose life the message of the song was particularly applicable, and who was made suddenly, because of it, to glimpse the vision, which for years she had stumbled blindly past.

But first let me give you the words of the song that you may gather its application in the stories that follow.

Of Jesus' love that sought me, when I was lost in sin,
Of wondrous grace that brought me, back to His fold again,
Of heights and depths of mercy, far deeper than the sea,
And higher than the Heavens, my theme shall ever be.

He trod in old Judea, Life's pathway long ago;
The people thronged about Him, His saving grace to know.
He healed the broken hearted, and caused the blind to see,
And still His great heart yearneth, in love for even me.

'Twas wondrous love which led Him, for us to suffer loss,
To bear without a murmur, the anguish of the cross.
With saints redeemed in glory, let our voices raise
Till heaven and earth re-echo, with our Redeemer's praise.

Are those not words of great meaning? And when we sing the chorus, over and over again, in response to the magnetic feeling which runs through the congregation, and

shows in the softening of its great swell, there is the intensity of all the finest and most sacred feelings of men toward God.

Sweeter as the years go by, sweeter as the years go by,
Richer, fuller, deeper, Jesus' love is sweeter,
Sweeter as the years go by.

At the close of one of our afternoon services, for women only, one of the so-called society leaders of the community approached the platform, with tears on her face, which she made no effort to conceal.

"I want you to pray for me," she said, "I have forgotten how to pray, myself, I know, only that I need help, which no human hands can give me—that my broken life can only be mended by a power higher than that of men."

She looked at the workers in an anguish, whose sincerity could not be mistaken.

"I would like to tell you my story," she continued. "You have probably heard others like it before—of the mother who worshiped the things of the world for her children, above the blessing of God.

"It was not until I heard the words of the song, 'Sweeter as the Years Go By,' that I realized my life was doomed to be more and more bitter as time passes—because of my own

sin and selfishness, and because I put God in the background, and the world first.

"I married an ambitious man," she began, "whose only thought was to make a success that the world would applaud.

"He began to forge ahead in his profession, that of a lawyer, and on my part I tried to arrange our domestic affairs to keep pace with him.

"Instead of instilling into my home and into my children the love of God before all other things, I made both my son and daughter as vain, in their youthful way, as I was.

"My daughter, I can see now, became fearfully self-conscious, and her only ambition in life was to show off her pretty frock to her companions and to be complimented on her style and good looks.

"My boy degenerated gradually into a prig, and I was actually *proud* of him, proud of his manners, and the way in which he bowed whenever a lady entered the room.

"I thought his manners more important than his morals.

"And worse than all, I began to encourage my husband, who before this, had been a strictly temperate man, to have wine in his

house for the benefit of his fashionable clients, and even to serve it on our table.

"I might have known the result, had I not been so blinded by the idols of the world."

Her voice broke at this point, and it was only in fitful periods that she was able to complete her narrative.

I will shorten it from the facts, which the worker later gathered in the community.

Edgar, that boy who was to be a social success, is serving his time in prison. It will be years before he will be released. Florence, the beautiful, wayward girl who kept the tongues of the town wagging, has disappeared. Her mother wishes, though, that Florence were lying quietly in the family plot.

And the father, who was so brilliant, who made so much money, is one of the subjects of discussion over the dinner tables, for there is hardly a day when he cannot be seen, staggering through the streets, still handsome, still well dressed, but undeniably drunk.

When the scandal of Edgar's forgery of his employer's name first came out, the mother was confident that his father, the brilliant lawyer, could speedily clear him.

But the father did not clear the son. On

the day when the trial was set, the father was too intoxicated to take charge of his son's case. Another lawyer was hastily called.

Edgar disliked the substitute attorney, and in full view of the courtroom, and in the hearing of the judge, he cursed him, in a fit of the temper which his mother had never curbed. The judge in his charge to the jury said that the young man needed a lesson. They took the hint, and gave the boy a long sentence.

You would have thought that that would teach the mother her lesson, but it did not seem to do so. She went on with her entertainments, and the set, who were her associates, went to them, and Florence was allowed to flirt, and to drink, and to smoke, for those things were "fashionable!"

Pretty soon there was ugly gossip about the girl, but her mother would not listen to it. Florence, she said, did no more than any of the others of her circle.

She disappeared suddenly. She has never been found. Not a word has come from her, not a clew to her whereabouts has been discovered.

And at last the mother began to awaken to the real cause of it all.

"I was slipping down the road of fashion,"

she said. "Not only that, but I had dragged my husband, and my children with me. My husband had never taken a drink in his life until I told him that he ought to have wine for his guests and to drink with them.

"I ought to have known better than to encourage Edgar in thinking that money is everything worth living for. I ought to have known that no girl should be allowed the things in which I encouraged Florence. And my sin has found me out!"

There is not much comfort for the poor mother today. Friends are praying that her husband will find the strength of God which will stop him from drinking, and for those two unfortunate children. For the son there is hope. The discipline of the prison and the influence of the chaplain there may prevail. But for the daughter—

It all began with the violation of the First Commandment, when the mother put aside the one standard by which any life can be ruled, the rule of God.

First she worshiped ambition—then she worshiped "society," then it was money, more money, and pleasure, until every other consideration in the world was laid aside, and nothing mattered except following the "fashions."

She said to the worker!—

"It makes me shudder, now, when I hear the girls, who used to be the friends of Florence, talking, laughing, smoking cigarettes, drinking—and what they talk about and laugh over. It's the fashion for girls to smoke! It's the fashion for them to drink, and to drink enough, sometimes, so that they are no longer mistresses of themselves.

"Oh, I can see, now that it is too late! A girl who still blushes is laughed at. No wonder my child fell. I encouraged her to develop nothing but worldly appetites, no one can know how I suffer—now!"

What she says is so true, so pathetically true!

It was the mother who had sinned first—and the fruits of her sin were visited on her through those dearer to her than herself.

Her pathetic words, as she finished her story, will never be forgotten by the sympathetic auditor, who heard them, and who tried to comfort the belated penitent.

"It wasn't until the words of that wonderful song penetrated my soul," she sobbed, "that I began to picture, almost for the first time, in all of its awful reality, my darkened home, and saddened life, as the years go by.

"Instead of a peaceful, happy, contented home, worshiping God, we have a desolate house of bitter memories.

"Instead of a son and daughter, serving the Lord in every way possible, we don't want to mention our children—and, when we do, it is with tears and blistering heart-aches.

"Instead of a husband, devoting his life to the Kingdom, I have the bitter consciousness that my husband has become a drunkard, largely through my own fault and blindness.

"I can see now that, in my mad pursuit of the idols of the world, I have missed completely that wonderful, everlasting, all-satisfying peace of God which alone can make life sweeter as the years go by.

"Oh, what would I not give to unroll the past, and to live my life over again."

Hers was the cry of a soul in agony—the cry of a soul that is beginning to glimpse the greater things that it has lost.

But how often do we hear just such a cry repeated all around us!

It seems to me that this particular song, "Sweeter as the Years Go By" has, above all, a peculiar domestic appeal.

It is suggestive not only of the barren individual life, without the spirit of God to

sweeten the advancing years, but it is even more suggestive of the darkened home, and the deserted hearth-stone, whose children are wanderers from God, and whose parents, too late, see how, and where they might have kept them for the Kingdom and themselves—if they had only had the right vision at the right time!

Sweeter as the years go by!

Will *your* home be sweeter, and happier, and mellower, and more God-fearing, and more God-surrendering as the sands of life drip slowly but relentlessly out?

Will *your* home be a nearer and nearer approach to that ideal, which the grace of God promises men, and which will alone make possible the full realization of that wonderful promise of peace on Earth?

Another story, connected with this song, comes to me, as the concluding illustration of some of the wonderful results accomplished by its message.

A bent-shouldered, grizzled-haired man one evening approached our workers, at the close of a more than usually responsive campaign in a large Middle Western city.

He had taken his stand for Christ and a new life, but it was clear that he wished to unburden himself of his individual problems, and

obtain a more personal word of encouragement and help.

To one of our workers he was identified as a member of a leading commercial firm of the city, and, catching a sympathetic eye, he told his story, and presented his problem.

His wife had died many years before, leaving him with the care and upbringing of their only son, who, at that time, was only nine.

He had been buried in his business cares, and had sent the lad first to boarding school and then to college, allowing him ample spending money, and thinking his duty as a parent was finished, when he saw the boy for a short time during his vacations.

The result was easy enough to see.

The young man had drifted into a fast set at college, and, in an unusually wild escapade, had forged his father's name to a small check.

The parent had settled for the check, but had promptly taken his son out of school, and, without waiting to sift the affair to the bottom had told him he would have to make his own way in future.

The father thought his son's act was a crime and a disgrace. True—but it was more of a blow to his own pride and vanity.

For two years now he had not heard from

his boy, and he had occupied his large home in solitary state, trying to make up by money what he could not obtain by love.

The singing of the song, "Sweeter as the Years Go By," for the first time had shown him the emptiness of his home and the emptiness of his heart—and a reason for them which he had never allowed himself to face before.

He had cast off his boy, the son whom he had allowed for years to drift from him, and now in the days of his old age, with the grave coming nearer and nearer, he realized that there was nothing in his life but his business.

And, in its most successful form, business is always a cold, abstract proposition.

The father saw now that he, too, had sinned, that his own neglect and lack of sympathy were partly responsible for his boy's fault, and, that while instantly ready to condemn his son, he had passed his own share in that fault completely by.

The next day he engaged private detectives to trace his son, and six weeks later found the young man, working as a laborer in a mill in a near-by city, a bitter and discouraged youngster, at a time when he should be full of the flush and enthusiasm of youth.

Fortunately he had escaped the worst of the

evil habits, which might have attached to him, and fortunately, too, he had been made of stern enough material to work with his hands rather than become a derelict of society.

The first advances of his father were repelled with cold suspicion.

The word, father, meant nothing to him except a surge of bitter memories.

Even after the first interview with his parent, he turned away.

But a short time later, God touched his heart, also, when an accident in the mill threatened to make him a cripple for life, and he recovered to find that the careful nursing, to which he owed the use of his limbs, had been obtained and paid for by his parent.

Father and son were united—really for the first time in their lives, and the young man returned to the darkened home to do his best toward making the years grow sweeter as they rolled by in the scales of his parent's life.

The song had found both a son and a father —or rather had reclaimed them for each other, and for God.

Today, the father has retired from active business, and not only has his son taken his place, but he is rapidly making his influence felt as one of the most alert and aggressive

champions of the Kingdom in the community.

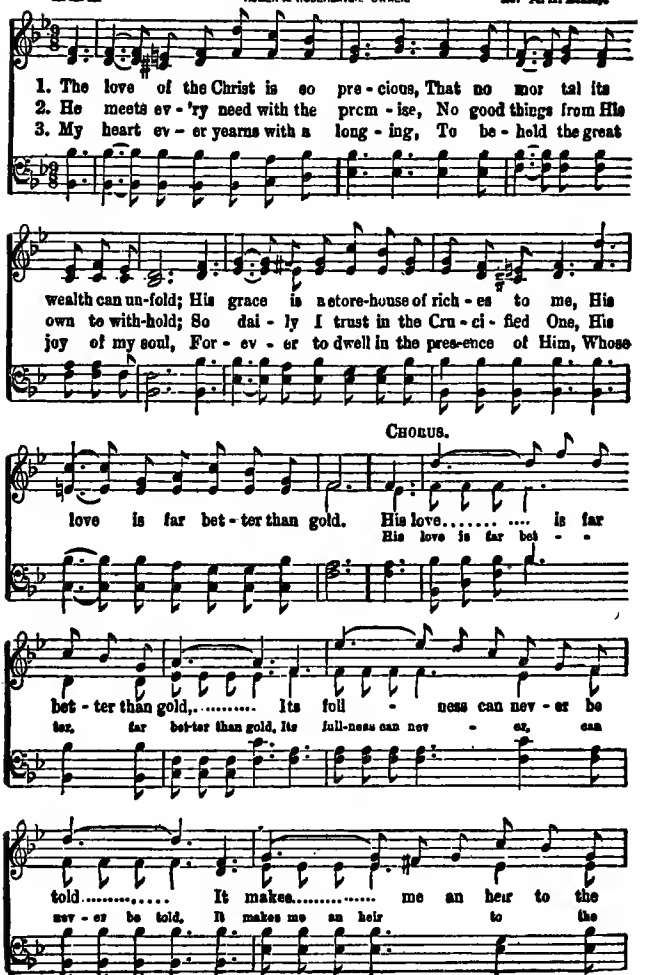
"Sweeter as the Years Go By" had been made true for that home by the grace of God —and its occupants were the first to realize and appreciate that fact.

Is it true of *your* home?

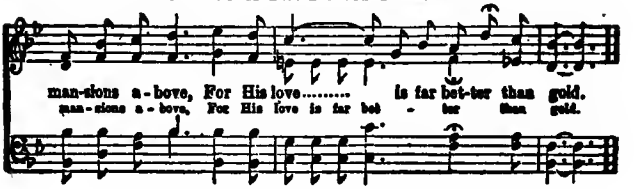
# His Love is Far Better Than Gold.



A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.



**His Love is Far Better Than Gold.**



# VIII

## HIS LOVE IS FAR BETTER THAN GOLD

The love of the Christ is so precious,
That no mortal its wealth can unfold;
His grace is a storehouse of riches to me,
His love is far better than gold.

There is only the difference of a letter between Gold and God—and there may be the difference of eternity.

Gold is the background of the present narrative. But it is not a story of the power of Gold. It is a story of the power beyond gold.

It is the story of how Thomas Bailey lost his millions at sixty—and at seventy won them back, and with them that which his millions could not buy.

What he had failed to purchase with one of the biggest bank balances in Chicago he purchased with a song at a little wayside church.

That which he had been unable to buy as a millionaire was given to him as a tramp—for the asking.

It is a story you may find it difficult to explain. God can not be explained. He can only be accepted as a fact above and beyond us. We can accept him with our faith—but we cannot explain him by our analysis, or the methods by which He chooses to paint those life-studies that He exhibits to our view.

We see Thomas Bailey, the mountain boy, the millionaire, the tramp, and again the millionaire, and we may try to dissect him by psychology—only to find that psychology is totally inadequate.

For the case of Thomas Bailey is beyond psychology.

Incidentally, Thomas Bailey is not his true name, nor Chicago his correct address. There are too many thousands who know the real man—or of him.

And this is an intimate history.

When Thomas Bailey was sixteen years old he had sixteen pennies in the pockets of his ragged jeans, a birthday gift from his mother. She had saved them, one by one, from the scanty pittance which had passed through her hands in the whole course of that year.

The Baileys lived on a rocky little farm, far up in the Ozark mountains. They had a few hogs and some hens, and when Richard Bailey

stayed sober long enough to do the work, they had a meager field of corn and potatoes.

If the boy Thomas had not learned to shoot as soon as his arms were strong enough to lift a gun, the iron pot which hung on the crane over the open fire would seldom have had a bit of meat in it.

The one rough room of the log cabin, and the coarse food, and the insufficient clothing were things to which Thomas had been accustomed all his life, but to which he had never grown reconciled.

Listening greedily to the stories, which Grandpop McNeil could sometimes be coaxed to tell, the silent, sullen lad would glimpse a world in which life was different, and he would clench his hard fist, and silently vow that some day he would go out and make it his own.

The one thing necessary for that world was the possession of gold. Grandpop never tired of stating this fact.

For the lack of gold he had been obliged to come back to the mountains, where his father's cabin stood untenanted, to spend the end of his days in the dull monotony, which sometimes seemed to make of him a mouthing idiot.

For the lack of gold, even in that fascinating world beyond the mountains, he had been

obliged to forego many pleasures, pleasures for which he still longed, and the memory of which, now forever beyond his reach, would bring on one of his famous "cussin' spells," to which young Thomas would listen with a silent, grim amusement as unlike any boyish emotion as could be imagined.

And now, with the sixteen pennies, and with a "two bit piece," the accumulation of years, and with the additional asset of six raccoon skins, surreptitiously trapped and hidden from his father's rapacity, Thomas determined on taking the step, to which all his dreaming, all his rebellion at fate, all his listening to Grandpop McNeil, had been drawing him.

"Mom!" he drawled. "Reckon I'll go down t' th' Settlement fer a spell!"

His mother, spinning before the door, was silent a long time.

Then she spoke.

"I'm right sorry I gin ye th' gift," she said, somberly. "Them as goes thar don't never come back."

Thomas had heard that many times before, and he peered, with renewed interest, down the steep, rough trail which dipped away almost before their door. Fifty miles, it was, to the Settlement, as the mountaineers called

the little town, to which their scanty produce went, once a month, by mule team.

The team was due to leave tomorrow morning. One man would take it—almost the only one who ever did. Many a family lived there in the hills, no member of which had ever been "down yon" for generations.

Young Thomas was not excited at the prospect of this wonderful thing happening to him. He shut his stern young mouth tight and thought of only one thing: the gold which he must get, which he must keep, and which he must keep on getting—in that world where it was king.

In this wise did Thomas Bailey, the great financier, begin his career. The road before him was long, and the difficulties enormous, but he had never faltered. He had never paused to make a friend or to view a flower, or to read a book, or to extend a hand of help, or a look of sympathy, or a penny of assistance to any human being.

The only kiss his lips had ever given was the rapturous one with which he saluted his first piece of gold, for which he had exchanged the fruit of his year's heavy, unskilled labor in the little town at the foot of the Ozark Mountains.

In a year or two he had more gold, hidden

away in his ragged clothes, and he had learned the further lesson that the man who can pay cash can always outbid and underbuy the other fellow.

On that knowledge he had reared the edifice which had seated him, on his sixtieth birthday, in a small, plain office in a tall, grim building on State Street in Chicago, from which he controlled the destinies of more people, more ruthlessly and more autocratically than many a small potentate, whose kingdom has a well known place on the map of Europe.

Thomas Bailey at sixty still had the frugal habits of his youth. His personal expenditures were exceeded, many times, by that of his bookkeeper. He knew nothing of music or of any other art, he had never been inside of a church, he had no library, he owned just three suits of clothes, he did not drink even coffee.

His life, and his love, his amusement and his occupation for every waking hour was his pursuit of gold. Of course, he had long since ceased to hoard the metal, itself.

But all his stocks and bonds, all the securities which lay in his safe deposit vaults, every dollar invested in the thousand and one businesses which had yielded him profit—all these things, stood to him for just so much of that

priceless thing, for which he had bartered his youth, sacrificed, starved and pinched until it had become the blood in his veins.

It was even more than that thin, cold fluid which hardly warmed his lean, shrunken body —it was a burning, roaring spirit which raged through his mind and soul, and blotted out his heart.

On this particular day Thomas Bailey, in his shiny, worn suit of clothes, with his wrinkled hands, laid out along the arms of his office chair, sat inert, and his office force, not daring to knock at his door, wandered uneasily about, whispering uneasily at the astounding story, which the tape was reeling off.

Finally, the head clerk, almost as old as Bailey, himself, and amazingly like the employer for whom he had worked thirty years, decided to brave his master's quick rage. He softly opened the door, and went in. Bailey raised his dull eyes.

"What is it?" he snapped, in one word, just as he always did. The head clerk murmured that he thought he had been rung for, and backed out, a reassured grin on his withered old face.

The office force grinned, too. Evidently the old man knew what he was about. Prob-

ably this sudden dropping of stocks was but a trick of the wily old fox. There would be pickings, after the slaughter was over.

The office force had been trained not to smile, but a perceptible air of content was restored to it, while excited messengers from other firms dashed in and out, trying to find out what was really happening.

Old Bailey in his quiet office was almost majestically serene.

He glanced at the winding tape in the corner, but he did not rise to look. It was a certain test of will power he had contrived for his own satisfaction, a test of his power over himself, and over those, who owed almost life to him. He was the master—the tape was his slave. He would prove it. He had made his plans, he, who must be obeyed, and he had given his orders. That was sufficient.

They would be followed, as he had issued them. There were plenty who would like to, but none, who would dare, to vary from them by so much as a hair's breadth. Was not his word absolute—his decision final?

At three o'clock his office force were looking more serious. The old man had not gone out to lunch that day. That was usual, they knew, when something big was about to break.

So nothing was said to the silent figure who stalked past them at four o'clock.

The headlines in the evening papers awoke him from the only day dream of his life; awoke him to screaming, cursing, furious rage; awoke him, too late.

Bailey might have saved something of that long hoarded gold, if he had continued to be the cool, level-headed man, who had piled up so much of it, but from the moment that he aroused himself, and realized how he had been betrayed, he was little better than a madman.

He had deliberately sat through a whole day, and not once looked at the thin strip of paper, by whose unwinding he had literally lived since his twenty-fifth year.

He, the great Thomas Bailey, had been tricked, by those, who at any other time would not have dared to lift a finger without his bidding. And he had suffered it.

I am inclined to think that he was losing his mind before he lost his fortune—the madness of power, the intoxication of gold.

But I am told, that, incredible as it may seem, two other instances almost exactly like it, have been chronicled in the records of Wall Street.

As a matter of fact, a large part of this nar-

rative was given to me by one of the financial leaders of the United States—a man who has spent over fifty years in the money markets of America.

It took only six months for Thomas Bailey to travel from that room of power on State Street, to a fourth rate boarding house, whose landlady put him out, and held his trunk for debt.

Several times, after that, as he stumbled from town to town, he was even arrested. Sometimes they thought he was drunk, and sometimes they considered him crazy, and once he was taken for a drug fiend, and a kind hearted woman put him in an institution for a "cure."

He escaped from that place, a beggar now, moving on and on. He could not have told where his feet were taking him, but afterward he traced that trail with wonder and awe. As straight as the crow flies, he was making for the Ozarks.

But all that time, a period of over two years, while he alternately froze with the winter, and burned with the summer, and lost all remembrance of that old Thomas Bailey, who had ruled State Street, his soul was living through

a great battle, flashes from which sometimes penetrated to his worn-out brain.

Once he saw a little gold ring lying by a roadside, and with a savage gesture, more like his former self than anything he had done for months, he set his heel upon it. He got into the habit of standing before jewelers' windows, and sometimes he moved hastily away, aware that he had been shaking his trembling fist at them.

Bailey walked, one day, over a bridge which was familiar to him. Eads had not built his great span across the Mississippi when the boy Thomas had first gone to St. Louis to begin his pursuit of gold, but Bailey, the financier, had often seen it as he passed through the city, on his occasional trips to the western cities where some of his great enterprises had their headquarters.

It was morning, radiant and sweet, as early May often was in the Mississippi Valley. Bailey lingered on the bridge until a policeman moved him on. But the old man stayed the officer with just the slightest shadow of the authority, which had been his for so long.

"Do not disturb me," he said, gently. "I want to think. I have just found out some-

thing." Confidentially, he took the wondering policeman by the lapel of his coat.

"Gold—" he said impressively, "gold is *not* the most precious thing in the world. There is something else much greater and more valuable, but I have forgotten what it is. Could you help me to remember, sir?"

St. Louis has an excellent public insane asylum, and there Thomas Bailey spent the next few months. The policeman took him there at once. He seemed a quiet inoffensive enough creature. The keepers soon grew into the habit of thinking that he was almost a senile idiot, and they did not think it necessary to watch him closely.

This was how he found himself, one quiet, twilight hour, walking down a suburban street. He did not remember to have gone out of the asylum gate which he had been forbidden to pass. But he must have done so—he must have been walking for an hour or two.

There was an open space in the distance, with a large tent on it. There were lights in it, and people going in, and sounds of music.

He went on. He paused before one of the entrances. A young man looked at him, stepped forward, and took him by the arm.

He found himself in a seat, one of thousands, who were singing.

There was a choir on a raised platform. It was a gospel tent. Somebody handed him a song book, and invited him to sing with the others.

He had never sung a note in his life. The great, swelling volume of sound, which pressed around him, struck through him with an exquisite delight that was almost pain.

He trembled so that he could no longer hold his book. The woman who sat beside him looked keenly at him, and then with swift tenderness, she laid a hand on his shoulder, trembling a little herself, at the revelations made by that quivering old face, on which the lines of greed were slowly breaking.

The speaker on the platform was talking. Suddenly his interest quickened, and he bent eagerly forward. The man was talking about the one thing which Thomas Bailey knew all about. He was talking about gold, and he was asking, and answering that question, which he had been trying to answer now for months, and which had been always eluding him.

And he was saying things which Thomas Bailey's soul had been saying to him, over and

over again, while his weary feet had dragged his body toward his boyhood home.

Bailey trembled so, now, that the woman beside him looked anxiously at the usher, who had posted himself at the end of the row of seats.

Something, at once terrible and beautiful, was happening. They feared to interfere with it.

The wreck of the old Thomas Bailey was wrestling with God, and they wondered whether the man's frail body would endure the struggle, which shook him from head to foot.

They were going to sing again. The woman offered Bailey the book, but he could not take it. She moved a little nearer, so that her lips were close to his ear, and her clear, piercing soprano gave him every word of the song, as the great audience boomed it out.

The love of the Christ is so precious,
That no mortal its wealth can unfold;
His grace is a storehouse of riches to me,
His love is far better than gold.

He meets every need with the promise
No good things from His own to withhold.
So daily I trust in the Crucified One,
His love is far better than gold.

My heart ever yearns with a longing
To behold the great joy of my soul;
Forever to dwell in the presence of Him,
Whose love is far better than gold.

The woman was crying by that time. When an old man takes his gray hair in his trembling hands, and cries out the cry of the new-born, it is something to stop the heart for a beat or two.

The usher forced his way to them, and came to lay strong comforting hands on the sobbing phantom of a man in the seat.

Again the long drawn notes of the singers rang out, with the deep chanting of the basses and contraltos:

"His l-o-v-e (is far better)
is far better than g-o-l-d (better than gold);
Its f-u-l-l-(ness can never) ness
can never be told (never be told).
It m-a-k-e-s (me an heir)
me an heir to the mansions above,
For His l-o-v-e-(is far better)
is far better than gold."

All the tears which Thomas Bailey had never shed, all the love he had never felt, all the remorse he had beaten from him, all his terror of the God he had foresworn came upon him in a rush.

People went out, weeping, from the sight. Other people came to him. The woman knelt beside him pouring out the pity and the exaltation of her heart in prayer. And at last, staggering, he was taken to a house, where they put him to bed, and for a week fought to keep his heart from beating its way out of its frame, more bruised and battered now by its marvelous rebirth than by all its years of life.

In time they won. In time a quavering voice thanked them, and a timid hand, unaccustomed to such contact, pressed itself into their reassuring palms.

This is the true story of how Thomas Bailey, at sixty, became tramp, and at seventy, became again a rich man. With his spiritual re-birth, his mind seemed to regain almost at once its old-time power.

As soon as his mental faculties, with all their store of experience and commercial shrewdness, began to find bodily strength behind them, they set themselves, even more passionately than before, to the task of gaining gold.

But it was not for the sake of remaking the fortune he had lost. With his new birth had come a new vision of life and its obligations. He could not, of course, directly undo the misery and havoc he had wrought in his previ-

ous career, but he could atone in part for them. He could use the power of gold—not for self—but for service.

Thomas Bailey figures that he can have, at the best, only ten more working years. At eighty, he says, he must have done his part to pay off at least part of his debt to society. He will not die before that time—he maintains God will not let him. For the debt must be paid first.

At times the clerks in his office can hear him singing a certain song at his desk—

"For His love is more precious than gold!"

The thin, old voice quavers out the words, and they glance at each other, a little dubiously.

It is not often that clerks in a commercial house are called upon to work for a man who turns over every dollar of his profits to the purposes of God—and who takes a glorified pleasure in doing so.

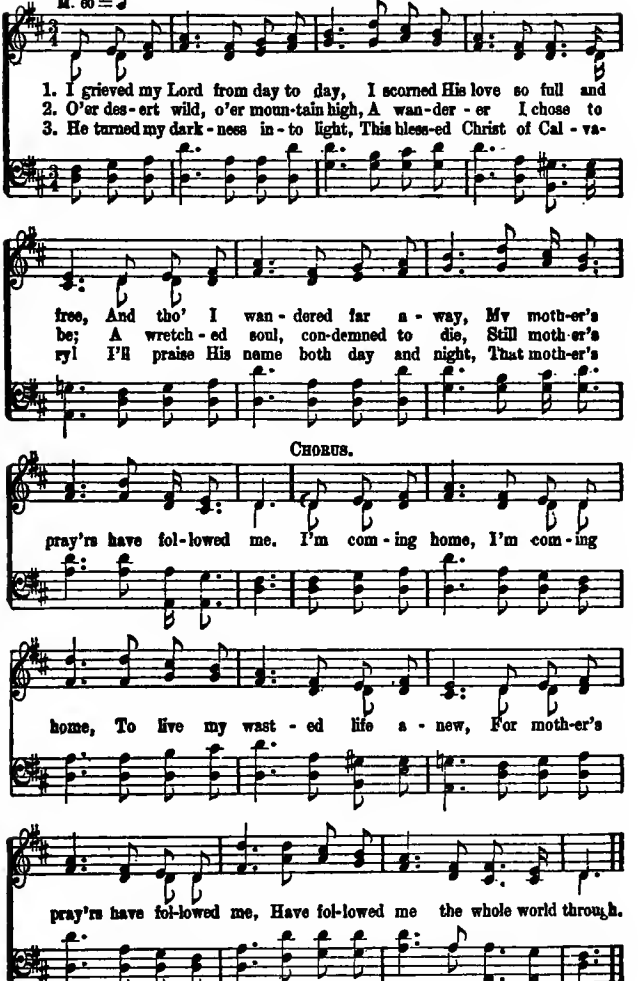
But then it is not often that a man at seventy is born again.

# Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me.



Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley.

M. 60 = ♩



# IX

## MY MOTHER'S PRAYERS HAVE FOLLOWED ME

I grieved, my Lord, from day to day,
I scorned his love so full and free,
And tho' I wandered far away,
My mother's prayers have followed me.

This is the experience of a modern prodigal —who came back.

It is also the story of a mother and her boy.

But, above all, it is the story of a mother's prayers, as first she gave it to me, and then her son.

You may not believe in prayer. You may not believe that prayer is answered. Maybe, you have not learned how to pray.

This is the record of prayers that were offered apparently in vain, that fell back, month after month, upon the lips that uttered them, until at the last—but let me give you the curious facts in the life of Jack Norton, the prodigal, in the order in which they led up to the great crisis of his career.

Jack was a fairly decent sort of a young fel-

low, for the only son of fond and doting parents, who expected him to go through life on ball bearings.

Following his graduation from the local High School, they sent him, after many consultations and arguments to one of the largest Eastern colleges.

It wasn't long before Jack began picking up more things on the side than he found in the college curriculum. He was just a big, overgrown, spoiled boy, and he looked on the new world around him as a boy—and not as a man.

One of the closest friends that he found at the university was a youth of about his own age, by the name of Dick Randolph. But there the resemblance ceased. Dick's father owned three or four hundred miles of railroads, and Dick tried to make the world believe that he was the original Kid Broadway.

Under his supervision Jack became more familiar with poker chips, and cocktails, and musical comedy actresses than with Greek and Latin verbs, or Trigonometry. And his education progressed amazingly along those lines.

When he finally returned to Homeburg, with his sheepskin in his pocket, and a cigarette in the corner of his mouth, he was already be-

ginning to feel a man of the world, and had his future painted in bright and glowing colors.

His father's ambition had been to add the words, "And Son" to the partnership sign over at the paint factory that he had started forty years ago in one room, and he had confidently expected Jack to become one of the solid business men of the community.

The boy's family, and a girl in the next block, by the name of Mary Bradford, who had had Jack's picture on the bureau in her bed room ever since the summer before he went away to college, had the same ideas about his business career. But he promptly showed them all that he had other plans.

"This is no place for me," he confided to his father. "I'm going to New York, where a man of my talents has a proper chance. I think I'll be an architect. So if you'll let me have what is coming to me I'll use it to start at my new career. Take it from me—before long you won't know your son!"

His father glanced at Jack's college-boy hat, and rainbow shirt, and white trousers, flirting with a lavender expanse of silk socks, and shook his head, but he finally gave in and drew a check for ten thousand to start his son and heir in the battle with the world.

"I won't give you any advice," he said grimly, "but when the money is gone, you won't get any more. That's all I can say to you—but it ought to be enough!"

Even a fond and doting parent sometimes has moments of sanity—generally when it is too late.

"I won't need any more," answered Jack confidently.

"I didn't mean advice," said his father curtly, "I mean money!"

Mary Bradford tried to smile when she heard of Jack's plans, but it wasn't much of a success, and she locked herself in her room, and cried herself to sleep. She had a woman's intuitions of the probable result.

His mother stole upstairs to her own private little nook, and when she came down she timidly held out a frayed, old fashioned Bible, with a book-mark that she had embroidered when she was a girl.

"It has been mine since I was a child," she said. "When you read it, remember your mother at home is praying that her boy will make the best, and bravest, and biggest man in the whole world."

Jack smiled patronizingly. "She is a bit out of date," he said to himself, "and hasn't

had the chance to see life that I have, and know that people who amount to anything have outgrown that nonsense—but I may as well humor her."

So he slipped the Bible into the bottom of his trunk, where it would be out of sight, waved his hand to the folks on the porch, and swung out of the front gate.

At last he was on his way to the great city, where a man with brains could find a career worthy of his greatness.

He didn't know that New York was a good deal like Homeburg, except in size, and that the only difference was that it had more varieties of human nature, and failure, and success, and more opportunities for getting the best, or the worst out of a man.

His old college chum, Dick Randolph, secured him a berth in an architect's office, but Jack was more interested in that part of the day after five o'clock in the afternoon.

He fell into the habit of telling those outside the office that he was only working to please his father out in Indiana, who owned half a dozen townships, but had old-fashioned ideas.

Dick Randolph prided himself that he was one of the star patrons of Broadway, and,

through his introductions, Jack found himself generously received in a certain type of restaurants and cafes. But he was not deserving them as much as he was himself. As long as he had money to pay his way, they would make that way alluring to him. That is the custom of Broadway, and Jack, not being wise in the ways of the world, saw the easy things of life being handed to him simply by stretching out his hand for them.

It was about this time that his scheme of life was further complicated, when he met a golden-haired, soulful-eyed girl in a Forty-second Street musical comedy, called Flossy Brandon. Her hair and her soulful eyes were both artificial, except that they were manufactured by different processes, but Jack didn't know it.

Before he realized it he was hopelessly, blindly infatuated.

Letters continued to come to him regularly with the Homeburg post mark, although he seldom bothered to answer them now. He didn't have to. A mother has an extra sense —where her boy is concerned. God gave her an especial wireless telegraphy for her own exclusive use.

His mother added always to her letters the words, "You will know that I am praying for

you, every night at eight o'clock, winter or summer." She never forgot to write that postscript. It was a part of her life.

Broadway was a closed book to her, but she didn't need to open it. She had a mother's conviction that the man out in the world, once the boy at her knees, and still the boy in her heart, needed her prayers. That was enough for her.

One evening Jack entertained at a dinner in his apartment.

It was Flossie Brandon who found his mother's frayed Bible, that she discovered on the bottom shelf of a stand in the corner. Jack faced the crowd with a flushed, embarassed face, as the girl held it up, and called the attention of the others to her find.

As he stared at it, the door of the cuckoo clock in the corner opened. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight times came the shrill note of the toy bird. Eight o'clock!

It might have been coincidence, of course. But Jack Norton doesn't think so—now.

Suddenly through the frayed cover of the Bible he seemed to catch a vision—his mother in her room at home on her knees, and the postscripts of her letters flashed back to him:—"At eight o'clock every evening I shall be

praying for you." The next moment he swept the vision from him, and laughed as he pointed to the Bible.

"Oh, that's a relic! Quite a curiosity, isn't it?" he stammered.

"And whose picture is this, may I ask?" demanded Flossie coldly, stopping before a photograph of Mary Bradford on the wall.

Jack flushed.

"Oh, that's another relic!" he laughed again.

Flossie was a difficult young woman to please. She measured men only by one standard, the amount of money they would spend on her. The boy found his bank account gone, and his debts growing like a snow-ball, in his frantic effort to live up to her extravagant expectations.

One day Jack saw the cashier drop the combination of the office safe. The boy, on a sudden impulse, put his foot over it, and when he went home to dinner it was in his pocket.

His creditors were beginning to be insulting, and here was a chance to pay his debts, perhaps with money over, and no risk, to himself. If the safe were robbed, it would be impossible for any one to suspect that he had a hand in it.

He slipped back to the office that evening. The safe was an old fashioned type, and the

combination made it absurdly simple for him to open it.

Jack was twirling the last of the tumblers when a low, whirring sound back of him made him jump with a face like a sheet. But it was only the office clock preparing to strike.

One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight!

Jack stared at the safe like a man suddenly paralyzed.

It could not be coincidence again—and yet it must be! Jack pushed his hand over his face. It was suddenly dripping with perspiration. Perhaps *you* can find a satisfactory explanation. Jack has ceased to try.

Burning his brain, as he stood there, were the words of his mother's letters, "Remember, every evening at eight o'clock I shall be praying for you—winter or summer!"

In the mirror-like silver handle of the safe he seemed to see reflected the figure of a kneeling woman—his mother by her bed-side in her room at home.

A mother never forgets her promise to her boy.

"Brace up! You are letting your nerves get away with you!" he taunted himself.

With an oath he swung open the safe door,

and stuffed a bundle of the yellow bills in the cash drawer into his pocket. The picture of his mother had gone.

When he returned to his rooms he found that he had stolen two thousand dollars.

The next morning the head of the firm had him on the carpet with the rest of the staff. Jack didn't like the look in his eyes, but he told himself it was impossible to connect him with the robbery.

A week later he was called into the private office again.

"You're through, Norton," his employer said. "You can get your time on your way out."

The boy began to bluster. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that a young fellow who has as many outside interests as we find you have is of no further use to us!"

Jack went out with his head high.

Jobs were easy, he told himself. He found Dick Randolph, and approached him on the subject of another connection.

"I had to tell the office I couldn't stand their old fashioned methods any longer," he said. "Introduce me to somebody who can appreciate real brains."

But Dick shook his head. "You'll have to dig for yourself, I'm afraid. I have all that I can attend to just now!" he said coldly.

"Then let me have a hundred until Tuesday."

Dick shook his head again. "I'm overdrawn at the bank, and my father is threatening to stop my allowance. Wish you luck, old man!"

Jack changed to his evening clothes, and hunted up Flossie Brandon. Here at least he would find some one who understood him.

She looked at him with a sneer when he had finished his story.

"I don't see how that affects me," she said, putting on her hat.

"But I did it all for you," cried Jack.

"That's what they all say," Flossie yawned. "If they won't send you any more money from home, pawn what you can, and go to work in earnest! I have an engagement, my dear boy!"

Jack staggered out into the street. His world had come to an end.

He thought that he was a very much deceived and wronged young man, and he hired all of the bar-tenders he could find to help him forget his troubles.

They were doing their best after thirty days interval, but they hadn't succeeded, although he had pawned everything that a pawn-shop would take, and had borrowed all the money his friends would loan him.

The only thing that whiskey can make a man forget, whether it is poured from a cut glass decanter on a mahogany bar, or from a black bottle on a tramp's hip, is his manhood.

Jack drifted from Forty-second Street down to Fourteenth Street, and then with short steps to the Bowery.

The farther a man gets on the toboggan the faster he shoots.

The one-time tango idol of the Broadway lobster palaces degenerated into a street-corner beggar, and an object of police suspicion. One evening he slouched out from a doorway over to a taxicab, where a party of men and women in Fifth Avenue togs were stepping gingerly out onto the walk for a slumming trip.

"Please, can you give me the price of a cup of coffee and a bed," he whined.

The man nearest him turned impatiently. It was Dick Randolph.

Jack saw the look of recognition in the other's eyes, and then Dick tossed him a two-dollar bill.

"Take this, and beat it, you bum!"

Jack stuffed the bill into his pocket and shuffled off. His hands were clenched, and something inside of him was burning like a hot coal.

He stopped a block away, hesitating between a Childs restaurant and a corner saloon. Should he get a steak, or another drink?

He turned suddenly from both restaurant and saloon with a wild look like fever in his eyes. Dick Randolph had called him a bum —and Dick Randolph was right.

Why continue a hopeless fight?

He pushed into a dismal little pawn shop, heavy with the atmosphere of lost hopes, and for his two-dollar bill he received a second hand revolver, a box of cartridges, and fifteen cents in change.

He stopped again in a small park, scowled at a spoony couple on a bench before him, and loaded his revolver behind them.

He was raising the weapon to his head when another voice checked him.

It was that of a girl on the street corner, singing to the accompaniment of a bass drum and a cornet.

The revolver fell to his side.

Clear and high the girl's voice was ringing as she reached the chorus of her song:

"I'm coming home,
I'm coming home to live my wasted life anew.
For mother's prayers have followed me,
Have followed me the whole world through."

And then the second verse in the same arresting, penetrating key;—

"O'er desert wild, o'er mountain high,
A wanderer I chose to be,
A wretched soul condemned to die,
Still mother's prayers have followed me."

Jack dropped the revolver into his pocket, and stumbled out into the street. He was walking like a man in his sleep.

The girl reached the song's concluding verse:

"He turned my darkness into light,
This blessed Christ of Calvary,
I'll praise His name both day and night,
That mother's prayers have followed me."

As the words died away, she turned toward the doors of a corner mission hall.

Jack slouched after the two men with her who were carrying the bass drum and the cornet.

The words of the song kept dancing in the air before him, and through them he seemed to see vaguely, as at a great distance, his mother on her knees, with her hands over her eyes. A strange mist covered her face, and he couldn't see it plainly, but he knew it was there. And he knew that he was weak, and dizzy, and sick, and that something was happening to him that he couldn't understand.

He dropped onto a pine bench in the rear of the mission hall, and fumbled with his hat.

There were other men on the benches, and two or three women—most of them battered wrecks from the streets—who looked as though they had lost their way and didn't know whether they could ever find it again, or not.

An aisle in the center led up to a platform, on which stood a man with a beaming smile, that seemed to take in everybody in the hall.

Jack's eyes fixed themselves suddenly on a clock on the wall over the man's head. Its hands pointed exactly to eight.

He tried to remember something that kept slipping away from him, and then like a flash it came to him, the forgotten postscripts of his mother's letters—"Remember, I shall always be praying for you at eight o'clock, winter or summer."

Coincidence a third time? Or mental telepathy? Or the spirit of God? Jack gives the facts. He can't give the reason for them.

All he knows was that he was staggering to his feet, and stumbling down the aisle.

Suddenly the mist faded from the picture of his mother that had been dancing in the air before him. He saw her face distinctly now, as distinctly as though she were in the room with him. And through her tears she was smiling. At the platform he dropped to his knees weakly.

He knew that for the first time since he had fallen out of the apple tree, and broken his arm, when he was a boy, there was something salty in his eyes that didn't belong there.

The man on the platform reached over, and gave him a thump on the shoulders, and led

After the service he sat down at his side. him to a front bench.

He didn't ask questions. He was too good a judge of human nature. Before Jack knew it, he was giving the other the story of his life.

"God hasn't any use for a man with a skeleton in his closet or for a quitter," said the superintendent when the boy had finished. "You can't get right with God unless you're

right with men. You must go back to your firm and tell them it was you who robbed their safe."

"But they will send me to prison if I do!"

"That's up to them. You sinned deliberately, and you must pay—as they decide, not you. You've got to stand on your own feet, or not at all."

Jack's glance fell to the floor, and his hands clenched as he fought out the battle with himself. He raised his eyes steadily.

"I'll—I'll go through with it."

"You understand what it means?"

"I understand!" the boy said quietly. "You're right. God *can't* have any use for a quitter!"

The superintendent put Jack to bed, and then sent off a long telegram, which he read over carefully before he gave it to the messenger boy.

The next afternoon the ex-Broadway Kid and the superintendent of the mission were ushered into the private office of Jack's former employer.

There was a queer taste in the boy's mouth, and a queer light in his eyes, but he faced the head of the firm without a quiver, and told his story.

"Is it the penitentiary?" he asked when he had finished.

His employer looked at his desk for a moment in silence.

"I've got to do my duty!" he said grimly, and pushed a button before him.

Jack caught his breath. Above him he saw again the picture of his mother on her knees and he closed his eyes to blot it out. If they could only keep it from her!

"Go to it!" he said huskily. "I'm ready!"

Behind him the door opened. It must be the detectives. For an instant he stood rigid, and then, without turning, he held his wrists out behind him, for the handcuffs.

But it was not the grip of steel that caught them. It was something soft, and moist, and warm. With a gasp he whirled. It was his mother's hands.

And behind her stood his father. It was his father who spoke first.

"We've come to take you home," he said. "We need a new firm sign at the old factory!"

Jack stared dumbly. The room was whirling over his head.

"But what about the money I owe here, the money I stole," he stammered.

"I'll pay it back, son, and give you a chance

to work it out for me! If you tell me the prodigal has learned his lesson we'll all try to forget it! What do you say?"

A month later, in the dusk of a summer evening, Jack stole up on the porch of the old home cottage, sweet with the scent of honeysuckle and lilacs. He was holding the hand of a girl beside him, a girl with shining eyes.

His mother rose from her easy chair, and dropped her knitting.

"I've brought you home a new daughter," he said; "Mary Bradford has promised to take a chance with me, in spite of the past!"

A few minutes afterward he pulled Mary across to the piano.

"Play for me," he begged.

"What shall it be?" she asked.

"My favorite song, of course!" And he added softly, "The song that brought me back to myself, and to you and to God."

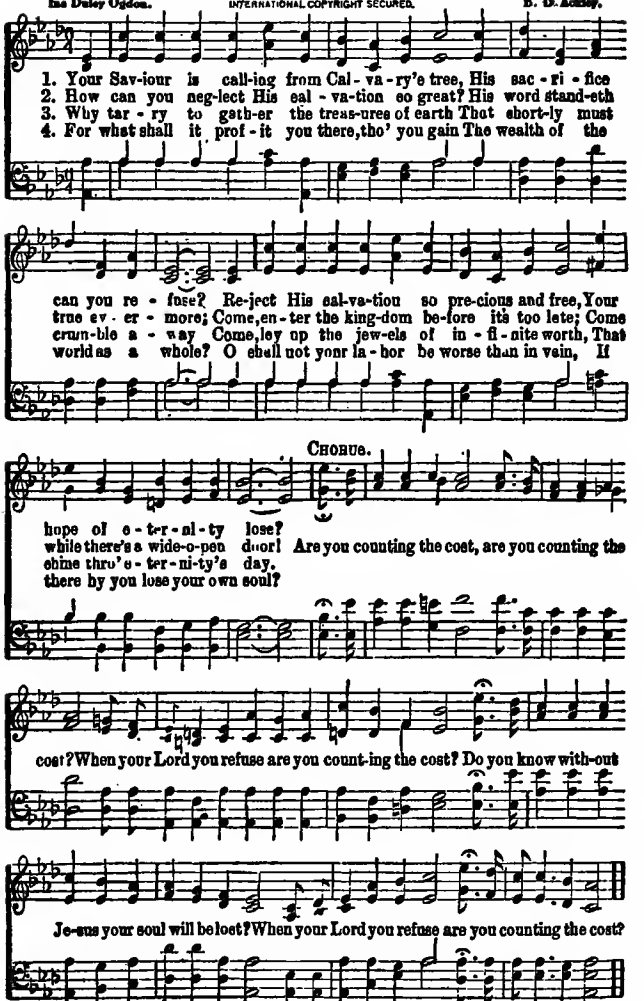
The girl smiled, and her hands ran lightly over the keys, as, through the room, there floated the strains of "My Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me!"

He turned my darkness into light,
This blessed Christ of Calvary!
I'll praise his name both day and night,
That mother's prayers have followed me.

# Are You Counting the Cost?



Ina Duley Ogden. B. D. Ackley.



# X

## "ARE YOU COUNTING THE COST?"

Stories of real life don't end always the way we expect them to—or want them to.

God is always staging dramas, and picking His settings from the familiar scenes about us, and selecting His casts from men and women that we know.

And sometimes He lets us watch their unfolding. But He seldom gives us the climax that we are anticipating. And then we try frantically to explain the logic, or the motivation, or the characterization, and because we can't understand it to our satisfaction we try to tell ourselves that it is out of focus with life —as it ought to be.

For instance, why should the singing of a simple song change the whole life of Jim Tarleton almost instantly when, for over thirty years, he had been deaf to every other emotion and every other call except those of self?

And, after this reformation, which was a

miracle to those who knew the man, why should the end be as it was?

But this is not an effort to tell why, or how —it is only an effort to present the simple, unvarnished facts in the case.

The story came from Frank Heneage, the cotton broker, a big, steady-eyed chap, who has made his fortune in ten years by the hardest kind of driving work. In all of his ten years Heneage had never spared himself, or any one else who was working for him. Nor has he made his money in speculation. Dealing in "futures" is in Heneage's mind more or less gambling, and Heneage doesn't gamble.

He insisted that I go out to lunch with him, and after we had taken the first edge off our hunger—and Heneage has an appetite that is a wonder—we settled back to talk.

"I have a strong story to tell you," he said; "a story that some men wouldn't believe—maybe I wouldn't, if I hadn't seen it develop before my own eyes." He looked at me thoughtfully. "I'm not much on psychology. I'm not trying to explain the reasons back of it all. I am just going to tell you what happened."

"Yes?" I encouraged.

"It's about Jim Tarleton," he continued; "I

think I introduced him to you once, some years ago?"

I nodded. I remembered Tarleton very well. He was famous for his clothes, the luxury of the furnishings of his room, his taste in art, his extravagant parties. In appearance and manner Jim Tarleton was called a typical dude; but for all that it had been my impression that he had a lot of good qualities, at heart, only that they had never been developed.

"Jim wasn't a bad fellow, all in all," Heneage continued, "a good deal of a young fool, but not what you would call vicious at any time. His one serious weakness was his extravagance; and as we all thought that he had all the money in the world nobody ever bothered about his future. After he graduated at college—and he took the senior Latin prize, too—he and Al Cummings, who was of much the same type, leased a New York apartment on Park Avenue together, and lived there in high style with a Japanese servant and a French chef. Occasionally in the Broadway restaurants I would see Jim and Al, dining in splendor, with a whole circle of admiring friends, men and women. Jim paid the bills, I suppose, the men and women with him, good-

looking as they were, were evidently of the parasite class, of the great white way.

"For two years Jim was conspicuous among the white lights—then he disappeared. Men have a habit of doing that on Broadway!

"Eight years went past without my seeing him; then two months ago he showed up in the office. And what do you think he was doing?"

I shook my head.

"Selling calendars at ten cents apiece. Cheap little things with decorations of Kewpie heads; the kind that would appeal to stenographers and office boys who wanted to make a hit with their best girls."

"No?" The memory of Jim Tarleton, lounging luxuriously on his tapestry covered couch, and garbed in white flannels, white shoes, and lavendar pin-striped silk shirt, came back vividly to my memory. I remembered the Kurdestan rugs on the floor, the priceless etchings on the wall, the dainty, almost effeminate dimity curtains at the windows. All the furniture of his rooms had been of the richest mahogany, a rich dull brown, perfectly polished.

Jim Tarleton selling calendars! It seemed absurd, grotesque.

"Poor old Jim hadn't any idea that it was my office he had entered," said Heneage. "He would have died, I think, rather than to have come in if he had known, for Jim's pride was as strong as his vanity. When, quite accidentally, I walked out and confronted him, he shrank back as if he had been struck a physical blow.

"'Jim?' I said, 'Old Jim!' And held out my hand. At first I thought that he wasn't going to take it. Then he gripped me as if I was holding him from falling from a treacherous pinnacle. As he seized my hand he began to cough, a hard, hacking cough that shook him all over. With his left hand he fumbled for his handkerchief. It was clean, but ragged, and he passed it across his lips.

"'Come in, Jim,' I said, 'and tell me about it.'

"Without a word, he followed me into the private office, and sat down in the big leather chair I pulled up to the desk.

"For the first time I got a good look at him. The boy was a pitiable sight. His shoes were clean of dirt, but they hadn't been polished for weeks evidently, a big crack ran across one of them just at the place where the toes break in walking, and through the cracks peeped the

faded yellow of what had once been white cotton stockings.

"His trousers were shiny at the knees, and were patched clumsily at the edges of the pockets, and his coat was as threadbare as his trousers, the edge of the collar beginning to fray. His shirt was clean, but sewed up around the neck with clumsy stitches, and his collar was cracked at the front, cracks which the poor chap had painstakingly tried to conceal by knotting a faded red scarf into a big bunch in front.

His face was dead white, with a sort of blue tinge around the eyes and the mouth, and a faint flush of pink on the tips of the cheekbones. His hair, though smoothly brushed, hung down stragglingly behind.

" 'Tell me about it, Jim!' I said. And he told me, in a dull, hopeless sort of a voice, whose tones scarcely varied.

"When he had finished I got up for a minute, and looked out of the window. To take him to lunch, to give him a few dollars—that was the least I could do. But couldn't I do a great deal more? Was it possible to remake Jim's life? Was it too late?

"For some time I debated the problem. Then I decided.

" 'Will you spend the rest of the day with me, Jim?' I asked. He nodded; and then broke out again in that paroxysm of coughing.

"I took Jim by the elbow, and we left. I could almost hear the clerks and stenographers in the outer office snickering as we passed. Of course, they didn't make a sound, but I could feel their attitude in the whole atmosphere. And I guess Jim felt it too, for his head, that used to be held so proudly and audaciously, hung low between his shoulders.

"My destination was the Billy Sunday tabernacle, for his New York campaign was at its height at that time. I took Jim first to a dairy lunch room, for I knew he would be embarrassed in one of the big restaurants, and I ordered about half the bill-of-fare for him.

"After the first ten minutes he was able to talk, but at first the smell and the taste of the food seemed almost to set him crazy.

"After the meal we got into the subway, and went uptown to the huge tabernacle on the Yankees' old ball field.

"The meeting seemed fairly to hypnotize Jim. He just sat there, with his eyes dry and staring and his face drawn. When we left the tabernacle and started across the street with the crowd, I had a chance to get a good

look at him. His eyes were very bright, and unconsciously he was humming a tune, the tune of one of those swinging, catchy hymns we had heard—

"Are you counting the cost, are you counting the cost?
When your Lord you refuse are you counting the cost?
Do you know without Jesus your soul will be lost
When your Lord you refuse are you counting the cost?"

"The words were running through my head, too. I didn't say anything. I didn't think it was the time.

"When we got downtown again I bought a good hearty dinner for him, and then took him around to a cheap hotel I knew, one of those clean, quiet places, supported by an endowment, where a man can have a room with a good bed for about three dollars a week.

"I wanted to wait until he had undressed and got to bed, but I remembered the condition of his wardrobe, and realized he would be embarrassed if I stayed. So I shook his hand, and slapped him on the shoulder, and promised to look around for an easy job for him, for in his condition he was in no shape to do hard work, either physical, or mental.

"As I closed the door I heard him begin to hum again the words of the song we had heard,

"Are you counting the cost? Are you counting the cost?"

"Downstairs I told the clerk to keep Jim there as long as he needed to stay, and to send the bills to me. I am not a good Samaritan. Anyone else who knew Jim in the old days would have done the same for him. As I went home, I guess I must have been humming that song of his, for people turned to stare after me in the street.

"I didn't see Jim again for a month, though I found him a job running a freight elevator in a large office building. He didn't have to do heavy work there, and could sit on a stool while the car was running, which was only at infrequent intervals.

"They gave him ten dollars a week, and to Jim's credit, he refused to let me pay for his lodgings after the second week. The clerk at the hotel called me up, and told me that Mr. Tarleton had paid for his room in advance.

"But he couldn't stick it out. About a month later, as I told you, I saw him again—I went hurrying up to his hotel in reply to a hurry call. Jim was very sick, they told me, and had been sent to a hospital just before I arrived."

Heneage paused, and looked out of the win-

dow. Under his breath he was whistling softly. I recognized the tune. It was again the song:—"Are You Counting the Cost?"

"What had happened to him?" I asked, "liquor, women, cards, or—what?"

"He hadn't 'counted the cost,'" came the brief answer.

"What do you mean?"

"Just this," Heneage settled himself in his chair again. "Jim hadn't kept his expense account, either with this world—or with God. He had let everything slide. Always weak and pleasure-loving, he had simply lost his grip—his money, his health, and worst of all, his faith. Nothing mattered except fun. And he went after his fun recklessly with no thought of the future."

"The story that he told me," Heneage continued, "had nothing particularly novel or unique about it.

"Jim's life was merely a constant search for a good time. Automobiling, tennis, golf, the theater, late dinner parties, anything for a few hours of sport.

"Jim Tarleton's moral decline had been gradual, and his physical decay had been delayed by his comparative temperance—for he was never chronically dissipated.

"He had fitted up his apartment in New York with Al Cummings regardless of expense with the one idea—a good time.

"Cummings, himself, didn't have any money to speak of, but he made a splendid front, and was received in the best circles, belonged to three of the exclusive clubs, and was popular with the girls and liked by their mothers, notwithstanding his ineligibility as a husband for a rich young debutante.

"Jim, who had about a hundred thousand in his own right, and was an orphan, came from the middle West, and like other foolish young fellows, he was dazzled by the apparent splendors of the great white way.

"Cummings got him into his clubs, and, in return Jim paid most of Cummings' bills, florists, wine-dealers', restaurants, taxi-cabs, and so forth.

"Three or four times a week the two of them gave a big party, with some young matron of easy morals but of a distinguished name acting as chaperone. All the delicacies of the world, and the rarest wines were gathered to regale the guests, and Jim's parties became famous. Not infrequently, too, there would be a grand blow-out for certain beautiful

women of the stage, and the favors at these parties would run up in the hundreds.

"Jim's morals, I repeat, weren't essentially vicious.

"Of the more flagrant forms of licentiousness he disapproved heartily, but because they seemed to him vulgar rather than because they were wrong. He simply didn't realize that there was anything in the world except the pursuit of pleasure. God was an abstract conception, quite outside of his understanding. He knew that good English demands that you spell the name of the Deity with a capital letter. That was all.

"The life that he led couldn't go on at the rate of even six per cent interest on a hundred thousand principal. And within a very few months he was dipping into his capital with both hands, and spilling great splatters as he drew them out. And, as his capital grew smaller, his income decreased; so he had to draw harder and harder on the principal. Finally, in little more than two years after his arrival in New York, he found himself practically penniless, and his first cheque came back marked 'not sufficient funds.'

"That jarred him, but the soft life he had been leading wasn't calculated to give him

careful thought. Still he didn't count the cost. He had established such a reputation as a spender that his credit remained good almost everywhere for some time. The bills piled up, unheeded, or rather, didn't pile up, for he chucked them into the waste basket as fast as they came in.

"Then Al Cummings, whose credit never had been worth anything, came to him with the request for a couple of hundred in cash. Jim went to the club, and borrowed a thousand from three or four friends. That was easy enough, and when Al was broke again, Jim made another visit to the club—only he kept a couple of hundred for his own pocket this time.

"Credit was still good, but real cash, for tips, for out-of-town dinners at road houses where he wasn't known, and so on, was growing scanty. He made a third touch at his club.

"It was there that he got his first jolt. The young cashier of the Fifth Avenue Bank, where Jim had once had an account, had been drinking too much that night, and had gossiped. Four men, in succession, turned him down; told him to come round to-morrow, when they would be better fixed. But not one

of the four was in the club the next day. Toward two in the morning Jim gave up, and walked home, his hands deep in the pockets of his braided evening trousers.

"The next day Cummings needed more money. Jim told him he couldn't get it; and Cummings, fair weather friend, immediately packed up, and went off to a house party in Maine.

"A week later the Japanese servant, across the breakfast table, murmured: "You no pay two week now, Mis Tarleton."

"No, Koji," Jim replied, with a hollow feeling, "I'll pay you next week."

"The end of the next week Koji left, silently but with dark looks. A succession of servants followed; some stayed for two weeks or even a month, some left within a day or two, warned of a sinking ship by the persistence of tradesmen's demands at the back door.

"Jim began to look cautiously up and down the street before venturing down the steps of the apartment house.

"Then his name was posted in the most select of his clubs for non-payment of his house charges. The same thing happened shortly at the others. Another haven from creditors was closed to him. He began the rounds of the

second-hand clothes shops, and dingy pawnshops.

His landlord endured longest of all. But eventually there came a terse but polite note from him asking Mr. Tarleton to vacate his quarters. In a sort of trance Jim moved to the best hotel in town. On the strength of his former reputation he stayed there for a month; then with only a suitcase, he stole away, seeking harbor in a family hotel uptown.

"There he lasted less than two weeks. The word was being passed along. The Hotel Men's Association, ever vigilant, scented decay.

"A third-rate hotel in a shabby side street, noisy with the drays and trucks that load and unload all day and most of the night at the rear entrances of the big office buildings, was his next refuge. But there, too, he was quickly dispossessed.

"An unexpected invitation to a house party tided him over the next month. He left without tipping any of the servants and borrowed ten dollars from his host to get back to town. Home again—but what was home now?

"In desperation he wandered about the city looking for work, any kind of a job. So long as his clothes remained good, and he could

visit a barber shop regularly he was able to pick up small employments at eight or ten dollars a week. Assiduously he avoided his former haunts, seldom venturing north of Fourteenth Street. He lived in a bare room, furnished with a mean cot and a rickety wooden chair, far down on the West Side near the docks; paying for this accommodation the sum of two and one half dollars a week.

"Utterly unfitted for any gainful work, he had to be content with the smallest tasks; and, as his food grew poorer and less nourishing, his strength ebbed. In the morning he had to drive himself to work, his legs trembling, and his body shivering in the crisp air from the river front. It was bitterly hard to plod all the way across and up town to the loft building in lower Fourth Avenue, where for ten hours a day he addressed envelopes in a wabbly, tremulous hand.

"Then he was discharged for bad penmanship, which was actually nothing but the result of his shattered nerves. That was only a few months before he wandered into my office. Meantime he had developed tuberculosis."

Heanage paused. "I think that about finishes the story."

"But, what became of Jim?" I insisted.

"Were you able to put him on his feet again—after all?"

"I told you that they took him to the hospital. I hurried there at once from the hotel, and I saw that the last crisis had come.

"I asked them if I could stay with him; and they broke the rules for once. All night I sat in an armchair beside the long narrow white bed, set high up from the floor like those hospital cots are, you know. Only a shaded night lamp was burning.

"Toward dawn, just as the sky outside began to get gray, I heard a voice from the pillow. I leaned forward, but Jim's eyes were still shut. He lay there, rigid, his thin hands, above the sheets, folded on his breast. He wasn't exactly singing; just droning in a sing-song monotone.

"I made out the words faintly:

"Are you counting the cost, are you counting the cost?
When your Lord you refuse, are you counting the cost?
Do you know without Jesus your Soul will be lost?
When your Lord you refuse are you counting the cost?"

"On and on went that dead monotone from his gray lips.

"Your Savior is calling from Calvary's tree
His sacrifice can you refuse

Reject his salvation so pleasant and free
Your hope of eternity lose?"

"The voice became somewhat stronger. I could catch the echo of the tune, a little shaky, but firm enough to distinguish it, with over and over again the same refrain, 'Are You Counting the Cost?'

"It was quite light by this time. For a moment I turned my attention away, and looked out of the window. The ragged edge of the roof tops of the tenements across the street was dead black against the pale glow of the sky at dawn; early trucks rumbled by, and now and then rose the clatter of a milk wagon.

"A terrible paroxysm of coughing drew me back sharply. Jim had half-risen, propped weakly on his elbows. Through his coughing the words of the hymn came again and gradually clearer:

"O, shall not your labor be worse than in vain
If thereby you lose your own soul?
Are you counting the cost, are you counting—"

"He dropped back limply. I jumped for the bellcord and pushed the button for the nurse. She came running silently, with only the swish of her skirts to herald her.

"I must get the doctor!" she cried.

"Bending close above the bed, I searched for a sign of life in Jim's face, but the features were set, his skin a gray-like parchment. Then, weakly, his big, hollow eyes opened, and his lips moved.

"I—I guess I have found the cost—after all, old man!"

# If Your Heart Keeps Right.



Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ashley.

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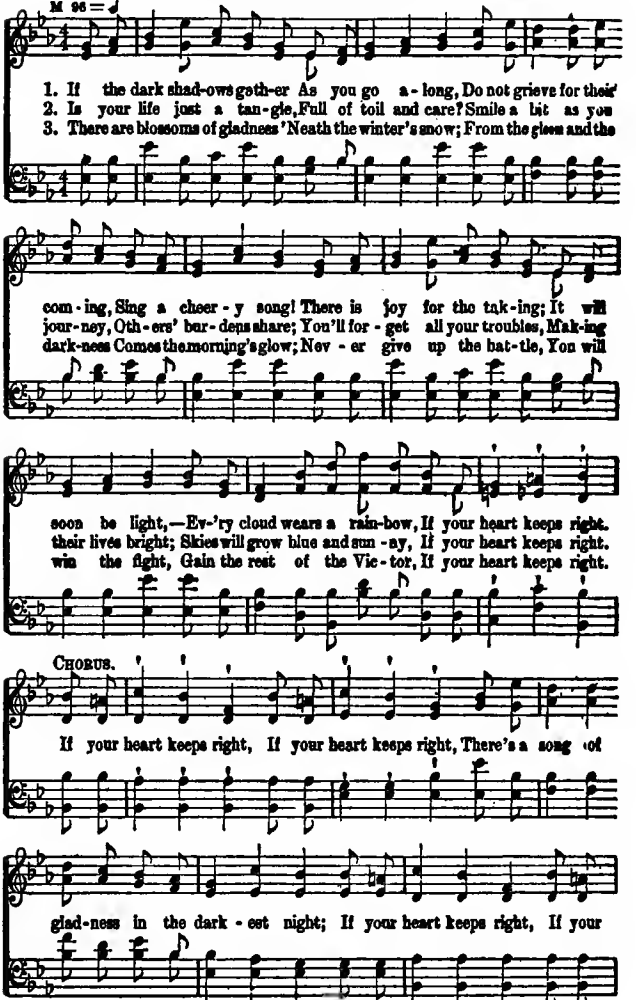
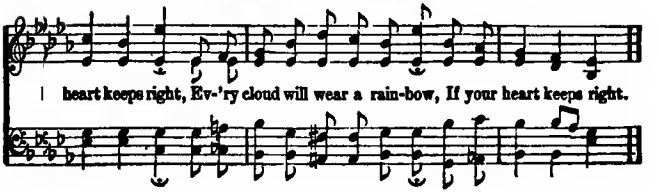


**If Your Heart Keeps Right.**



# XI

## "IF YOUR HEART KEEPS RIGHT"

If the dark shadows gather as you go along,
Do not grieve for their coming, sing a cheery song!
There is joy for the taking: it will soon be light,—
Every cloud wears a rainbow, if your heart keeps right.

A great many people make a mistake in estimating the worth of gospel songs. A song for use in gospel meetings is not always a gem of classical music, and if it were, it would perhaps not do the work for which it was designed.

This may seem unreasonable, but the basis for the statement is grounded on the experience, not only of gospel workers but of musicians.

No song or piece of music which has had the human quality of touching hearts was ever perfect, from the musician's standpoint. For perfection in any art means that those who appreciate the finished product must be able to understand the finer technical beauties, rather than the more simple soul qualities. Therefore, those songs which have stirred hu-

man hearts and souls the most have always been the simpler melodies, which a child can learn and feel.

So, in judging a song which does not happen to meet your personal standard of requirements, please remember that there are other folks with other standards; and that, while *you* may be drawn to a song because of its perfect technical construction and dignity, the great mass of us are not highly educated, musically, and must be appealed to from angles which we can understand.

The songs, which we have used in our campaigns, have had their amazing popularity because those who wrote them were consecrated men and women, and experienced in sounding the depths of souls; and in those depths, *every man is equal, as he stands before God.* The most intellectual mind is no more able to approach Him than the veriest publican, who can reach out only with those intense human feelings, which are common to all of us.

This, too, is the real reason why intellectual people are no more Godly than those with less opportunities of education. It is the practical everyday thing of life with which we are mostly concerned, wise and unlearned, and so the wonderfully practical, helpful messages in many

of our gospel songs reach right down to the needs of everybody.

Unless you have studied the psychology of this appeal as we have done through years of work, you will not understand this fact readily.

A beautiful story is concerned with the song "If Your Heart Keeps Right," and illustrates this point excellently.

For a long time that song was one of the most popular we had. It would spread like wildfire through a community. Two elements made its success, the two elements which have always made a song popular and helpful, an easy, pleasing melody, and a message which strikes right down to the roots of human hearts.

In Pittsburg, for instance, the song seemed fairly to permeate the life of the city. Boys whistled it on the streets, women sang it at their housework and staid business men hummed it in their offices. In the great steel plants, vaguely, in the midst of the roar of machinery, you could hear men singing, "If Your Heart Keeps Right." The degree and extent to which the song permeated all the different stratas of life were really surprising, even to us, who had grown accustomed to its power.

The particular story I have in mind was

told to me when I was invited to the Shadyside Presbyterian church, one of the wealthiest and most fashionable of that city of many wonderful churches. The audience was made up of the aristocracy of the city, but they seemed intensely interested in hearing me tell some of the stories of our songs and their results.

I spoke, too, about the relationship of the songs to our campaign, in general, and of the great work for God which had been accomplished by them. When I had finished, a very fine looking, sweet faced woman, in a gown, whose quiet elegance told of her good taste and position, approached me, and said, "I have a confession to make.

"When the Sunday campaign first started and I heard your song, "If Your Heart Keeps Right," I was really disgusted. It seemed to me that it was silly, cheap twaddle. I know that those are extreme words, but I told you that it was a confession I had to make and that is it. So I will not hide the fact that I disliked some of your songs, and that this song, in particular, offended what I chose to call my fastidious musical taste. It really grated on my nerves, and besides, I considered that it was not at all in keeping with the dignity of a religious campaign.

"But, you see, I did not understand. I was viewing that song from a narrow biased standpoint.

"You know that I have always been interested in the deserving poor—so that sometimes employers with whom I am acquainted ask me to see to some special cases for them. It happened that the head of a great steel corporation asked me to call on the wife of a man who had been hurt in the mill, and investigate the real facts.

"The street to which I was directed was quite unfamiliar to me, and, as a part of my confession, I must add that I was frightened when I saw the rough district through which the street car was taking me.

"The point for which I was bound seemed the worst of all, and I found that I would have to go over a hill to reach the address I was looking for. There were some rough looking men hanging about, and I was growing more and more nervous.

"I could not find the number of Bill Jones' house—the man who was hurt. There was no one, apparently, to aid me except the men, that I felt were surveying me with glowering looks.

"I screwed up my courage, at last, turned back, and with my heart beating rapidly, I

went up to one of them, and asked if he knew where Bill Jones lived.

"I was never so surprised in my life. The man at once removed his cap, and smiled. He said that he knew the house, and would walk there with me. The rest of the men also smiled at me, and I was suddenly ashamed of my fears of them. We walked along as pleasantly as though we were old friends, and finally he asked me:

" 'Lady, have you been down to the Tabernacle yet?'

"I was surprised. Someway or other, you know, in looking over the vast crowd which filled the Tabernacle, it had not occurred to me to think that men like these had been there.

"I was still more surprised when my new friend said:

" 'Well, that place has made a great change in some of us fellows over here.'

"I asked him to tell me about it, and after speaking of various cases he said that he supposed I would be most interested in hearing about Bill Jones, so he went on:

" 'Well, Bill was always a good fellow. Meant well, you know, but the trouble was, he couldn't keep away from the drink. He had a nice little wife and a baby, and every once in

so often he would promise that now he was going to stop, for good, but the first thing we knew, he would be at work, swearing at everyone, with whiskey on his breath.

" 'Then, one night, he went down to the Tabernacle. I guess his wife got him to go. Anyway, before long a lot of us had taken our stand for Christ, and along with us, Bill. He was a changed man. Before he was hurt and taken away to the hospital, you could hear him, most any time, hummin' some of the songs they sing down there. "If Your Heart Keeps Right," was his favorite, and I guess it is the favorite of most of us.'

"Right there was where I felt as if I ought to beg his pardon for the thoughts I had held about that song.

"But just then we came to the plain little cottage where he said Bill lived, so we shook hands, with hearty good will and parted.

"I had to climb down some very rickety steps, for the poor place was below the level of the street, and as I did so I heard some one singing. 'Every cloud will wear a rainbow if your heart keeps right.' I walked quietly to the door and looked into a very neat, clean room, but oh, so poorly furnished. There was a woman in it, sitting in the only rocking chair,

and on her lap there lay a very frail, wan baby.

"She had one of the Tabernacle song books open. I recognized it at once, and I think I was not surprised when her clear, true voice kept on with the words of the very song which I had so disliked. But now it brought tears to my eyes. For she was very pale and worn and shabby—a weak little woman, with big tender eyes, and she looked off into a distant corner of the room, as if she had her attention fixed on a pleasant vision, while she sang:

"If Your Heart Keeps Right
If your heart keeps right
There's a song of gladness
In the darkest night.
If Your Heart Keeps Right
If your heart keeps right
Every cloud will wear a rainbow
If your heart keeps right."

"She saw me before she was quite through with the verse, but she kept on as she smiled and held out her hand.

"Although she was so poor, there was a quiet self-possession about her which comes from self-respecting womanhood. I told her that her husband's employer had sent me to see if there was anything she needed. She said that

her great worry was not having enough money —at least, money that she could spare—to go over to the hospital to see her husband. She wanted to visit him very much.

"I told her I thought that could be arranged. And then I asked her if she liked the song she had been singing. You should have seen her face light up.

"Oh, yes, indeed, she loved it! She had found such a lot of comfort out of the Tabernacle songs, especially this one.

"I saw that she was interested in music, and soon she was telling me the whole story of Bill and herself.

" 'Back in England,' she said, 'my father was the leader of the choir in our little church, and I played the organ. You know the sort of life, ma'am—quiet like, and pleasant, but with no chance to get ahead. So, when Bill and I married, we came over here with others to seek our fortune in the new land.

" 'Things went like a bit of all right for a while, but then Bill got in with bad company and started to drink. At first it wasn't so bad. Then he lost the best job he had ever had.

" 'That discouraged him, and he took to drinking harder than ever. Even the baby didn't keep him from it. We had to sell off

most of the good furniture we had been able to buy. Then we had to move from one place to another until we came down to this place. I'm afraid it's unhealthy, but it is all we can afford. Things were going from bad to worse, ma'am, and I didn't know what to do.

" 'Then some of the boys went down to the Tabernacle. I think most of them went on a lark, as you might say, but they came back pretty serious, and their wives told me what a change had come to them.

" 'So I finally persuaded Bill to go, too. The third time he was converted! You can't think what that was to me, ma'am!

" 'He stopped his drinking right away, and the next payday after that he brought his envelope home to me, unopened. And kept on doing that, too.

" 'I bought that nice, new rug you see there, and we had started to fix up the house a little, when Bill was hurt the other day and taken to the hospital. But I don't think he will be kept there long, do you?'

"Then I asked her some casual questions, and she began to talk about the different songs, in the course of which she told me something which I think is the most affecting and touching tribute to the songs that I have ever heard.

That song book was the only one in the whole neighborhood. They were all very poor, in the district. So the neighbor who had been able to buy the solitary songbook loaned it out first to one family and then another, so that all might learn to sing the songs. This was Mrs. Jones' 'day' for the book.

"She gave me a wonderful smile as she said at the end that, although things looked blue and discouraging, she believed in the promise of the rainbow over the clouds 'if your heart keeps right.'

"Her face was pale, and her little baby was pale, and her house was poor, and all sorts of difficulties lay before her and her husband, before they could overcome the troubles brought on them by sin, but I knew that that rainbow of God's love had begun to shine there."

All through the simple, affecting telling of that story you could see tears and smiles sweeping across the faces of the splendid women, who listened with such strained attention. There was a little pause as the speaker stopped to regain her composure, and then she turned to me, and said:

"I want to apologize for what I thought and said about that song. I think, now, that it is one of the most beautiful I know. Any song

which can bring joy and happiness to a whole neighborhood as that has done, merits the consideration, and the help of those who may not need it in the same way."

Of course, we sang the chorus of "If Your Heart Keeps Right." Then we closed the meeting, and those wealthy women flocked around her who had told the story. As they did so I saw that most of them had money concealed in their fingers, which they slipped to her as secretly as they could.

So I was sure that material prosperity would be added to that other and greater happiness which the little woman in the cottage had found.

People struggle and flounder against what seems impossible difficulties, not recognizing that sinfulness, in one of its many forms, is the cause of their troubles. I do not mean to say that conversion is a guarantee of prosperity. But I do mean that often godliness makes people take the right road, to which sin has blinded them.

One of the most interesting stories about this song concerns a newsboy in New York.

He was drawn to the vicinity of the Tabernacle by the idea that he could sell to the

crowds the evening papers. He heard the singing, and went in.

He had never been in church in his life, so that the gospel of Christ fell upon virgin ground and at once, and amazingly, took root.

He shook Mr. Sunday's hand, and, in his own quaint phraseology, which I despair of reproducing, he told the worker who took his name that "dose guys" were all right, referring to the members of the party. As for the songs, he thought they were "grand."

After that we would see him, occasionally, and one day a policeman who had been converted the night before told a worker that the newsboy's persistent singing of "If Your Heart Keeps Right" had drawn him to come, himself, and see what the meetings were like.

"The boy has his stand near a corner which I frequently pass," the officer said, "and I began to notice a difference in him. He used to get into fights with the other boys, for he's Irish and quick tempered, but I saw that when he felt like a scrimmage he would begin to whistle instead and it would always be the tune, 'If Your Heart Keeps Right.' So we got to talking, and he told me that he had been converted, and asked me if I wouldn't come up to the Tabernacle when I could. So I did, thank

God, and now I'm going on my way rejoicing."

A very intimate sort of a story was told to one of our workers, once. The speaker was an unusually intelligent, fine looking girl, with just a hint of sadness in her eyes.

"I began coming to the Tabernacle when you folks first came to this city. Then, one evening, you sang, 'My Wonderful Dream.' I can't tell you how it affected me, but you must know, how people often feel about these songs. They simply seem to mean YOU. Then Mr. Sunday said, in his talk, that many so-called Christians came to church, apparently only to keep the bench warm, and that seemed to be ME, too.

"I thought with shame of my own sleepy Christian life, and determined that I would keep busy for God. I have done what I could. At the present time I am working hard with a Bible class in my neighborhood.

"But I have had a personal sorrow to bear. The young man to whom I was engaged made fun of my intense feeling, and when I told him that I was firmly decided in my intention of giving my life to God, he said he did not care to marry a Christian girl. He told me he wanted something different.

"If ever I needed the Lord it was at that time, and I found Him a friend in need. He has proved a true friend to me ever since. Even some of my girl friends do not ask me to their homes any more, as they say I spoil their fun.

"So, although I know I am doing right, I so often feel lonely and blue. One night, in particular, it didn't seem that I could stand it, and I came to the Tabernacle. That evening they sang 'If Your Heart Keeps Right.' You can't imagine what a difference it meant to me! It seemed to sweep away all my doubt and struggle instantly."

As she left, there seemed, indeed, the light of the heavenly "rainbow" on her glowing face.

THE END